

THE MODERN READER'S BIBLE

THE PSALMS ❁



The Modern Reader's Bible



The Psalms
Lamentations

•The M Co. •

THE MODERN READER'S BIBLE

A SERIES OF WORKS FROM THE SACRED SCRIPTURES PRESENTED
IN MODERN LITERARY FORM

THE PSALMS
AND
LAMENTATIONS

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

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VOLUME FIRST

CONTAINING

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INTRODUCTION

The Book of Psalms is recognised as the perfection of lyric poetry. It well may be. The musical meditation which is the essence of lyrics can find no higher field than the devout spirit which at once raises itself to the service of God, and overflows on the various sides of active and contemplative life. There is another reason. One of the chief interests of Hebrew among the world's great literatures is the uniqueness of its verse system, founded less on verbal rhythm than on parallelism of whole expressions. In other languages, burdened as they are with versification of counted syllables and measured vowel sounds, the harmonious intricacies and elastic windings of lyric poetry have to be attained by a triumph of thought over mechanism: Hebrew poetry carries its lyric rhythm into the very thought itself.

Accordingly in a literary edition of the Psalms the first task must be an investigation of the metrical parallelism which underlies them. What of metre in the ordinary sense is possessed by these poems belongs to the original Hebrew; parallelism is independent of particular languages, and makes itself felt even in a free translation. That such

parallelism can be reduced to a regular system, tested by recurrence of the same phenomena in different poems, and by perpetual harmony between thought and external form, I have endeavoured to bring out in this volume, both by theory and practical arrangement. The theory I have relegated to the commencement of the notes, for the sake of readers who may not care for technicalities. But I would suggest to the most ordinary reader that a little attention given to the metrical system of the psalms would be amply repaid by enhanced appreciation of their rhythmic beauty.

Three distinct lines of development have united to lay foundations for the rhythmic system of the psalms. The traditional poetry, preserved in historic books of Scripture, is largely connected with extemporisation; it has contributed to later verse the elastic unit of the varying 'strain.' Another unit is contributed by wisdom literature, in the gnomic couplet on which alike its verse and prose are founded. Not less important than these among the originating sources of poetry is the dance, the intricate evolutions of which reflect themselves in oral literature in corresponding intricacies of verse; from this influence it has come about that even the 'line,' or half parallel, may be a unit in elaborate lyric versification. These three different units, with their aggregations and combinations, make up a copious variety of figures of parallelism, such as give to the poetry of the psalms an elasticity that never

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checks the flow of thought, and a sensitiveness that can reflect every change of thought in change of expression.

We find in these Biblical lyrics 'antistrophic' structure, stanzas running in pairs; as in Greek, each strophe is answered rhythm for rhythm by its antistrophe, but, unlike the Greek, the Biblical antistrophe answers thought as well as rhythm. If in a particular rhythmic form we find recited hostile threats —

*How say ye to my soul,
‘Flee as a bird to your mountain?
‘For, lo, the wicked bend their bow,
‘They make ready their arrow upon the string,
‘That they may shoot in darkness at the upright in
heart?’
‘If the foundations be destroyed,
‘What can the righteous do?’*

in the precise duplicate of this rhythmic form we hear the response of faith:

*The LORD is in his holy temple,
The LORD, his throne is in heaven:
His eyes behold, his eyelids try the children of men;
The LORD trieth the righteous,
But the wicked and him that loveth violence his soul
hateth;*

*Upon the wicked he shall rain snares :
Fire and brimstone and burning wind shall be the
portion of their cup.*

A strophe will trace the breaking down of the psalmist's faith, and the antistrophe bring out its sudden recovery; this structure will place side by side an oracle of God and its glad acceptance, the busy schemes of earth's rulers and the Divine scorn that overrides them. Or, more elaborately, the opening thought of a strophe —

O LORD, thou hast searched me —

gathers force as it goes; the sense of oppression in the Divine presence reaches at last a climax which is found to be a turning point; throughout the antistrophe the thought is measuring its steps backward, until, when the rhythm is complete, the opening note is reversed —

Search me, O LORD.

Or again, as in English poetry, we find a flow of many 'stanzas,' conveying less marked movement of thought. The simplicity of stanzas does not exclude elaborations. Recurrent refrains bind the stanzas together, or catch variations with the varying spirit of the movement. Couplet themes find development in stanzas that follow them, as when a priest leads his choir. Or a series of stanzas is

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‘enveloped’ by a reflection or benediction at the beginning and end; or, by a variation of the same device, a question poises itself in mid thought —

LORD, who shall sojourn in thy tabernacle?

until a detailed survey of particulars of moral purity enables it to answer itself—

He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

One hymn of triumph marks its movement by augmenting successive stanzas from four to five, six, seven couplets; to contrast with this we have an elegy the antistrophic stanzas of which are steadily diminishing from five to four, three, two couplets, as if the very power to mourn were dying down.

Different types of structure may be combined, and fresh elaborations come in; more especially the characteristically lyric device of ‘interruption.’ The psalm which is celebrating, in stanzas of five, God’s blessing upon the personal life, sinks into stanzas of four while it dwells upon the frailty of that personal life, and then returns to its first rhythm; its companion psalm reviews, in a long succession of stanzas of five, the creator’s external universe, and sinks to stanzas of four to tell the dependence of each living thing upon the spirit of God, returning to the stanzas of five for a final exaltation of the Divine majesty. Or

again, personal trouble in one rhythm interrupts itself in the middle with a contrast of national hopes in a different measure; upon stanzas of despair there breaks in anti-strophic interruption of denunciation before a return to the stanza form is found to have brought a calmer frame of mind.

These are some of the elaborations which have grown up by long tradition of lyric versification. A late age has added one more in acrostic structure. Alphabetic elaborations are found in meditative psalms, in liturgies, even in poems of a dramatic cast. And the famous hundred and nineteenth psalm, with its eightfold acrostic initials, and synonym for 'law' in every verse, is a monument of how mechanism may be the handmaid of devotion.

But metric forms are only the vestibule of sacred poetry, the reader's main interest will be in the matter which these psalms contain. Lyric verse is the confidant of the soul in all its moods; from pompous ritual and national pæan down to the cry of a solitary soul in the dark, there is nothing that cannot find a record in the Book of Psalms. The first psalm strikes a keynote in its blessing on the meditative life, and a considerable section of the whole is made by the outpourings of the life of contemplation. Psalm xxxvi, against a background of evil so corrupt that iniquity has become its own law, contemplates an Infinite Good, whose dimensions are the height of the heavens,

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the depths of the seas, the strength of the mountains: in Him is the fountain of all life. Two are emphatically nature psalms: one beholds in man (viii) the viceroy of God, the other (xxix) presents a thunderstorm, with the *Voice of Jehovah* for its refrain, his glory for its prelude, and his peace for its final note. Nature and human life are drawn together by the nineteenth psalm with its contemplation of the starry heavens above and the law of Jehovah within, and the companion hymns (ciii, civ) which celebrate the God of the personal life and the God of external nature as one. Psalm xv describes the consecrated life: the following poem tells of its joy and gladness. 'God of my life' might well be a title for such psalms as lxi and lxiii; the conception is broadened into a recognition of the God of the national life in the two psalms founded on Moses' Song, one of which (xc) expands the thought —

The Eternal God is thy dwelling place —

the other (xci) the succeeding thought —

Underneath are the everlasting arms.

Longings for the house of God, with thoughts of the pilgrimages to the sacred feasts, are the inspiration of psalm lxxxiv; in another poem (xlii-iii) we have the same longing in one who is either actually an exile, or by some

cause exiled from the temple worship. But what in this last is only sketched, is displayed in all fulness and variety in the fifteen 'Songs of Ascents' which constitute a psalter within the psalter. Composed, apparently, by putting together hymns of the festal pilgrimages and hymns inspired by the exile and return from Babylon, this collection widens suggestively our whole conception of pilgrimage, and presents it in its every stage. We have cries of Israel out of the depth of its affliction, the cry of the individual exile from the bitter environment of foreign speech, or as he is lost in the crowd of slaves waiting with obsequious eyes upon an oriental master; we catch the moment when the turn of the captivity comes to the exiles as a dream, when with mingled tears and gladness they see the first caravans set out and hope for this seed-time to grow to a harvest of joy for themselves; there is the complete deliverance, with the snare broken and themselves escaped; we find a traveller's hymn with 'the LORD thy keeper' for its burden; songs of family joys beguile the road; the first sight of Mount Zion and the mountains round about Jerusalem suggests thoughts of the firm foundations of Jehovah's righteousness; salutations to the Holy City are sung while the feet stand within its gates; there is celebration of the unity of brethren thus gathered from a distance in common worship, the dews of Hermon descended on the hill of Zion; the collection includes the old Dedication Hymn of David's temporary tabernacle and Solomon's

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finished temple; for conclusion we have the exchange of blessings as the congregation retire and leave the Night Watch to lift up their hands in worship through the dark hours. Israel's deepest trouble has been blended with its high festal joys to constitute the 'pilgrimage' of this 'Pilgrim's Hymn Book.'

The second psalm opens another type of poems, with its Song of the Lord's Anointed. The reader who is accustomed to find Messianic prophecies in every psalm must remember that these belong to secondary interpretations, to symbolic meanings which must be determined by canons of theological exegesis: literature is concerned with the primary meaning of the poems, and here Messianic psalms make but one section out of many. The idea of king is found to vary in the poetry of the psalter. Apart from such psalms as lxi and lxiii, in which the 'king' appears only as any other devout worshipper, we find two main senses of the word. In the War Anthems (xx-xxi) we have antiphonal passages of king and people; though the term is general, we may presume that this is the king of Israel, and the same will apply to the king of the Royal Marriage Hymn (xlv). In Psalms cxxxii and lxxxix we have specific reference to the covenant with David and his seed: here the king is clearly the king of Israel, exalted a conqueror over his adversaries, yet still the ruler only of the chosen nation. In two psalms we have the full Messianic conception: the Lord's Anointed is exalted (ii) over

the whole earth, in spite of the vain opposition of earthly rulers ; again (cx) Jehovah bids his chosen sit at his right hand until his foes have become his footstool, while he is exalted king over the nations, priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek. Perhaps a link between the narrower and the wide conception of king may be seen in the thought (lxxii) of a dynasty of righteousness :

*Give the king thy judgements, O God,
And thy righteousness unto the king's son.*

This dynasty is to bring refreshment and mercy to the oppressed, abundance to the whole earth ; the kings of Tarshish and Sheba shall offer gifts, and all nations shall bow down in submission. Parallel with the two conceptions of the Lord's king are the two conceptions of Zion. The Zion of the Sennacherib psalms is indeed beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, the lair out of which springs Judah's lion, yet it is no more than the metropolis of Judah ; in psalm lxxxvii all nations are pictured as enrolling themselves in the citizenship of the Zion loved of Jehovah ; nay, all founts of excellence are found in her. We may almost say that there is a similar expansion in the conception of God. The Song of the Exodus (cxiv) celebrates a deity of whom it is said that Judah is his sanctuary and Israel his dominion ; and this, in contradistinction to the older territorial conception of gods,

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comes as a new thought at which all nature is moved. A great portion of the psalter, on the other hand, is made up of hymns the main point of which is to celebrate how 'Jehovah reigneth' over the whole earth, and all nations must bow before him.

This last has introduced us to yet another division of the psalter: that which connects itself with sacred ritual. Sometimes it is national ritual. I have already referred to the War Anthems, antiphonal between king and people; one of these (xx-xxi) is made up of a prayer before battle, and a song of rejoicing after victory; another pair of companion psalms (lx, cviii) uses twice over the same material as part of a hymn of defeat and a hymn of victory. There is again a Royal Marriage Hymn, celebrating a union of some king of Israel, apparently with a Tyrian princess: it is natural to find a strophe devoted to the bridegroom, and its antistrophe to the bride. Every people has its National Anthem: for Israel the Book of Psalms provides four National Hymns, suggestive of four stages in the history of Israel. The National Hymn of the Wilderness (cxxxvi) has the primitive structure of single recitative lines alternating with the choral shout —

For his mercy endureth for ever :

its recital is of the simple wonders of the wilderness, and its final triumph is over Sihon king of the Amorites and

Og the king of Bashan. The National Hymn of the Promised Land is in simple couplets, and its history extends just so far as the taking the possessions of the nations; unbroken joy reigns throughout, and the prominent topics are Egypt and Canaan, and Joseph the historic link between the two. Of a very different order is the Hymn of the Kingdom of Judah. Psalm lxxviii is one of the most elaborate of sacred lyrics; after a long introduction announcing the 'parable' of God's ways with his people, the keynote is struck in the defection of the northern tribes, presented under the image of warriors in all their armour deserting on the field of battle: from this point there is the characteristic Hebrew rhythm of the pendulum swing, and successive strophes alternate between God's wondrous dealings with his people and Israel's passive unfaithfulness, until the final awakening of Divine power is a rejection of Joseph, and a fresh call of Judah to be the chosen people. The matter of this poem seems to be worked up afresh for a National Hymn of the Captivity (cvi); there is the same pendulum alternation, with a bias towards rebellion and disaster, until the significance becomes clear in a prayer for deliverance from captivity.

Other psalms, it is obvious, belong to Divine worship. Besides Occasional Anthems there are the general Festal Hymns: these seem to have always for their theme the celebration of Jehovah as the creator and ruler of all the earth, as well as the special protector of his own people.

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Usually their structure is a simple alternation between ejaculations of praise and the matter on which this praise is founded. Psalm xciii is a variation from this, the theme of Jehovah's immovable throne being interrupted by a pictorial illustration :

*The floods have lifted up, O LORD,
The floods have lifted up their voice ;
The floods lift up their waves :*

*Above the voices of many waters,
The mighty breakers of the sea,
The LORD on high is mighty.*

The Festal Hymn extends itself into the Festal Anthem by the linking together of successive psalms : such is the conclusion of the psalter where, through five poems of the Biblical numbering, is sustained an antiphony of two choruses, one calling on all things to join in praise, one bringing matter for rejoicing, until both unite in the line —

Let every thing that hath breath praise the LORD.

With the Festal Hymn we may rank the Votive Hymn : in Biblical poetry a vow is always performed as a personal merged in a general thanksgiving. And this is extended into a Votive Anthem in the 'Egyptian Hallel' (cxiii-cxviii), portions of which constituted the special

hymns of the great feasts. So far we have had hymns of praise only. But other moods of the soul find expression in the ritual of the psalter — supplication, confession of faith, penitence, devout aspiration. As a climax to this type of composition, we find in several cases varying moods of worship united in the same poem without links of connection: we thus have a complete liturgy within the limits of a single psalm.

National and ecclesiastical ritual meet in psalm lxviii. This is one of the masterpieces of the world's lyrics; even in the diluted English version it is difficult to read this mighty marching song without the feet longing to tramp and the hands to wave. This poem may be regarded as the Hebrew *Te Deum*. Originally no doubt composed for some specific occasion, its terms are nevertheless so general that it might serve for any triumphant celebration. It is a Processional Hymn, and it breathes the spirit of triumphal procession into its survey of past, present, and future. Its opening is to recall the primitive processional pomp of the ark in its wilderness journeys:

*Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered;
Let them also that hate him flee before him.*

The past is the procession of Jehovah through the wilderness, with Sinai trembling at his presence, while his delivered people grow into prosperous families, and the gracious

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rain of manna plentifully provides for their weary journeyings. The conquest is a triumphal march from Bashan to Zion: Jehovah gives the word of advance, and in the next line women's voices are crying the tidings of victory. If there be stages in this conquest, snatches of victory songs are the only tokens, and the whole past becomes one stride of advance —

Sinai is in the sanctuary.

There is now a partial change of rhythm; God appears as a God of the present moment, daily bearing his people's burdens; and the procession of the day is pictured — singers, dancers, the tribes in their order of march. The future is seen as a procession of the nations, under their symbolic forms hastening to the temple of the God who has scattered the people that delight in war. And the final note echoes the conception of Moses' Song by which the God of Israel is seen riding in triumphal procession in the heavens on high, with the excellency of the skies for his attendant pomp.

If the contents of a literary work may be analysed according to their mass, then the leading topic of the Book of Psalms is trouble and its relief. Here a difficult question of interpretation arises. In these psalms of trouble who suffers, and who is it that speaks? Some, influenced by the traditional title of the book, are content to answer, David. Other interpreters show a special tendency to see

in every possible case the nation of Israel as the speaker in the monologues of sacred poetry. Others again watch for the most minute circumstances from which they can infer the historic surroundings of the particular psalms. Of course, there are cases in which any one of these treatments may be justified. I see no difficulty in believing that we have among the psalms some of the actual compositions of David, however modified and enlarged by the oral tradition of singers and Levites through which they have come down. Some psalms are obviously national: more especially the elegies that mourn over Jerusalem in ruins, or bewail fallen Israel under the image of its national emblem the Vine (lxxx). And in this connection may be mentioned — what is included in this volume with the Book of Psalms — the greatest of elegies, the *Lamentations* or Acrostic Dirge over the Fall of Jerusalem. Again, there are psalms the whole style and contents of which proclaim them to be ‘Occasional Poems.’ I have gone further than most editors in recognising, not only the Sennacherib psalms, but also those connected with the Inauguration of Jerusalem by David; I believe we know all that happened on that great historic occasion — what was sung six paces from the house of Obed-Edom, what at the foot of the hill and again in front of the gates, in the tabernacle when the ark rested, and at the close of the proceedings in the palace of King David. But these elegies and occasional poems make distinct species: for the

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psalms of trouble taken as a whole I must — at the risk, I fear, of alienating some of my readers — express the opinion that it is a mistaken expenditure of exegetical energy to investigate authorship and historic surroundings. I reckon it amongst the impediments to the study of literature that it is overshadowed by the more popular studies of history and biography, with the result that the personality of an author and circumstances of actual life are forever being allowed to interpose between a creative poem and the mind of the reader. To illustrate from a different side of literature: these individual interpretations of the psalms make one think of the bitter complaints made by dramatists of real life, from Ben Jonson downward, to the effect that people persist in seeing clever personal allusions in what they intended as general sketches of life and character. So in regard to the psalms: there are not sufficient materials for determining their authorship — witness the varying results of the editors; more than this, if we could discover with certainty the external circumstances which produced them, the information would come as so much limitation to their force and beauty. The psalms are not versified diaries of the saints: every line proclaims them the work of poets — not the less saints for being poets — who have followed the natural instinct of poetry to generalise and idealise everything it touches. To take one amongst many indications. It is the rule, and not an exception, in these

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psalms to find crowded together expressions of pining, wasting away and bodily pain, and again expressions which tell of actual foes and threatening armies. No doubt it is a possibility that this combination of internal and external trouble might distinguish a single individual situation, but when this is found to characterise psalm after psalm, every one must read it as evidence of the generalised pictures they present. What the psalms give us is neither items of personal experience nor chapters of contemporary history, but an ideal conception of suffering and its relief in the economy of Divine mercy. And devotion, not less than poetry, is the gainer by this poetic interpretation of Biblical poetry. If I could know with positive certainty that the third psalm was wrung out of David by the agony of the flight from Absalom, it would present itself to my mind as less beautiful than it does at present, when the simple significance of its words brings home to us a weary sense of oppression, tempered only by the thought of a protecting God who will hear and answer, changed with the awakening from sleep to a freshness and relief that brings new vigour to encounter untold dangers — in a word, the daily drama of weariness and God-given refreshment that every succession of night and morning may bring to the devout soul. Into such a poem the reader may, if he pleases, read the story of David; he may equally read into it his own personal experience, and that of every similar case. For, though

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the world is slow to believe it, idealism is the deepest realism: it is the poetry unlimited by personal facts that has points of contact with the imagination and experience of each individual reader.

In some psalms of this order it is the deliverance that is made the prominent topic. Such is the magnificent ode that constitutes the eighteenth psalm, presented to us in the historical books as David's Song of Victory: not, it is to be observed, the celebration of any particular victory, but of the victorious mercies of a whole lifetime. It opens with a burst of exuberant joy; then describes in general terms a desperate crisis; then overflows with imagery of all nature shaken to its foundations, as God hastens to the relief of the sufferer. The deliverance itself widens to the cause that has triumphed in the mercy shown to its representative.

*With the merciful thou wilt show thyself merciful ;
With the perfect man thou wilt show thyself perfect.*

There is further broadening to confidence for the future of the speaker and the cause of right: and another burst of exuberant praise brings the ode to a close. The Ode of the Redeemed (cvii) presents in succession four different types of trouble, accompanying each with its double refrain, the cry of trouble and the shout of triumph: then changing to the pendulum rhythm, the ode celebrates

alternately the providence that brings down and that raises up, until the final note is reached in the wisdom that recognises the law of right living. As a contrast to these poems may be noted those in which the relief found is only fresh trust in God. An example is the magnificent seventy-seventh psalm. Here the speaker failing to find any cessation of his trouble sets himself to recall memories of God's doings in the past. The memory that presents itself is that of Israel at the Red Sea, blocked in between the waters and the pursuing foe: clouds and tempests darken the scene, and when they have lifted, the closed path of salvation is seen leading through the very sea itself, and over this miraculous way the persecuted people may pass with the security of the shepherd and his sheep. And there are some psalms of trouble in which no relief at all is found. The psalter contains one elegy (lxxxviii) of a stricken life: cut off at birth from lover and friend, with no future but the dark land of forgetfulness, no variation of misery except the daily spreading forth of the hands to a God who hideth his face.

There is one distinct section of the psalter in which trouble seems to seek relief by unburdening itself in outpourings of denunciation and cursing. These psalms have been a trouble to many devout readers. For my own part, I do not feel the difficulty. Hate, as Spenser's allegory reminds us, is the twin of love: no piety can be robust that is incapable of hating. The precious lesson learned

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by the modern religious spirit is the power of separating sin and the sinner; of hating evil as Christ would hate it, and yet yearning to recover the fellow creature who has been entangled in it. To the mind of the ancient psalmist this was an impossible distinction: his enemies were the enemies of God and all goodness. Psalms of this description may still remain as a part of our books of devotion, but their expressions must be translated from the concrete into the abstract: when they can be read as embodiments of the evil that is in the world the fierceness of their language will be a moral tonic. I therefore see no need to understand such poems as necessarily spoken by the personified nation. It is, however, to be noted that most of them show a union of different moods that assimilates them to the liturgies, and I have differentiated them as litanies of oppression rather than as monologues of experience.

But the most characteristic among the psalms of trouble and relief are those which seek a dramatic mode of expression. Dramatic form implies, not only association with the personality of an imaginary speaker, but also a change in the surroundings amidst which he speaks; it is not enough that he should *tell* how he was afflicted and the affliction ceased, but the present distress must draw out his utterance, and the sudden change of circumstances must convert his woe into rejoicing. A large and interesting group of psalms fall under this general descrip-

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tion : each presents the transition of a dramatic plot within the limits of a lyric poem. Some of these dramatic psalms are very simple. The sixth opens with such words of woe that it has been reckoned amongst the penitential psalms ; the distress is maintained through two stanzas, but with the third stanza —

*Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity ;
For the LORD hath heard the voice of my weeping—*

we catch the sudden deliverance, in the joy of which the speaker separates himself forever from the enemies of God. For an example of the elaborateness to which the lyric dramatisation of trouble can be carried, the reader should study the famous twenty-second psalm. The first of its long-drawn-out sections is impressive with its contrast of the holy God, enthroned on the praises of the fathers, and the helpless sufferer, a worm and no man, laughed to scorn as forsaken of his God, yet with no resource but this God on whom he has been cast from his mother's womb. With the second section the crisis intensifies : images of internal and external trouble become entangled. He is poured out like water ; his heart is melted in the midst of his bowels ; his strength is dried up like a potsherd ; his tongue cleaveth to his jaws ; all his bones are out of joint. Foes bellow round him like bulls of Bashan ; like wild dogs they are flying at his hands and feet. Vividness

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increases: he is stripped naked and can count his bones; the foes are staring with greedy expectancy upon his helpless frame; his garments are being divided by lot; the agony point is reached in a cry for dear life:

*Deliver my soul from the sword;
My darling from the power of the dog;
Save me from the lion's mouth—*

*YEA, FROM THE HORNS OF THE WILD-OXEN THOU HAST
ANSWERED ME!*

In the very middle of a sentence has come this salvation in extremity; and the third section extends itself to its due length with overflow of grateful joy, in which all are to unite, high and low, strong and feeble, the very dying themselves and the generation that is to come.

The topic of trouble and relief merges in that which is the dominant thought of all Old-Testament literature—the judgment, the everlasting conflict daily going on between good and evil, in which evil is doomed. It is the counterpart of our modern providence; but to the Hebrew prophets the working of the universe was not so much a scheme of things, with beauty of design, as an irresistible Power at work for the confusion of evil doing. The great difficulty of life to ancient thinkers—the prosperity of the wicked—is reviewed in one psalm (xxxvii) in a tone of meditative faith; another (xlix) presents as a ‘parable’ of life judgment in the form of the grave, sweeping away

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the wicked in the midst of their security, and leaving the faithful to triumph over their fall. Other psalms are appeals for judgment—

LORD, how long?

or they are expressions of confidence in the coming vindication of the righteous and the disclosure of a God that judgeth in the world. In other cases psalms of judgment rise into the region of vision. Such is the brief rhapsody (xiv) which presents a corruption so utter as to draw the astonishment of Deity itself: the amazement of heaven becomes felt on earth in a panic that seizes the ranks of the ungodly. One psalm with great boldness presents God judging in the congregation of gods: high potences like the ‘sons of God’ in *Job*, mystic rulers of the universe, are convicted of laxity which has left the evil of earth unchecked; nay more, they are degraded from their spiritual rank:

*I said, ye are gods,
And all of you sons of the Most High;
Nevertheless ye shall die like men,
And fall like one of the princes.*

Supreme among the visions of judgment is the fiftieth psalm. Its prelude presents God flashing forth out of the perfect beauty of Zion in a call to judgment: fire and tem-

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pest fringe round the judge, heaven and earth make the circle of spectators, while in the presence are marshalled the covenanted saints on the one side and opposite them the wicked. In elaborate addresses, antistrophically the counterparts each of the other, the Divine judge lifts his faithful people's thoughts to a higher conception of sacrifice, charges the wicked to lay a foundation of right living before they take his covenant in their mouth. Not even the Book of Psalms can rise higher than the conclusion of this vision :

*Whoso offereth the sacrifice of thanksgiving glorifieth me ;
And to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I
show the salvation of God.*

These are the broader divisions of subject-matter that may be traced in the Hebrew psalter. For further discussion of these sacred poems this is not the place. The change from Judaism to Christianity is immense, but it is a change that has had no influence on the Book of Psalms : the modern Christian turns to it as naturally as the ancient Hebrew. It is safe to predict that, however much mankind may alter the articles of its belief, the Hebrew psalms will not cease to furnish matter for liturgy and stimulus to private devotion. It is less important, but not less true, to add that the student of literature will never be able to pass over the Book of Psalms if he is to inves-

tigate in the most promising of all fields the foundation principles of lyric poetry.

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The present number of the Modern Reader's Bible is in two volumes: the first contains two out of the five Books into which the Psalter is divided (psalms i-lxxii), and the notes to these; the second volume contains the rest of the Psalter, the Book of Lamentations, the notes to these and the Index to the whole. Two General Notes, On the Metric System of the Psalms, and On Direct Metaphor in the Psalms, will be found at the commencement of the notes to the first volume. In the case of well-marked groups of psalms, such as the Dramatic or Acrostic Psalms, I have commented upon the whole group in connection with the first example that occurs; for later examples I have merely referred back to these comprehensive notes.

The text followed is that of the Revised Version, the marginal alternatives being often taken. For the use of it I express my obligations to the University Presses of Oxford and Cambridge.

THE PSALMS

IN FIVE BOOKS

BOOK I

THE TREE AND THE CHAFF

A Prefatory Psalm

*Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the
wicked,*

Nor standeth in the way of sinners,

Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the LORD ;

And in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a Tree planted by the streams of water,

That bringeth forth its fruit in its season,

Whose leaf also doth not wither ;

And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The wicked are not so ;

But are like the Chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the wicked shall not stand in the judgement,

Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the LORD knoweth the way of the righteous :

But the way of the wicked shall perish.

ii

Song of the LORD'S Anointed

Why do the nations rage,
And the peoples imagine a vain thing ?
The kings of the earth set themselves and the rulers take
 counsel together,
Against the LORD, and against his Anointed :
 ' Let us break their bands asunder,
 And cast away their cords from us.'

He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh :
The Lord shall have them in derision.
Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath,
And vex them in his sore displeasure :
 " Yet I have set MY KING
 " Upon my holy hill of Zion."

JEHOVAH'S KING

I will tell of the decree :
 The LORD said unto me,
" Thou art my son ;
 " This day have I begotten thee.

“Ask of me, and I will give the nations for thine inheritance,

“And the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

“Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron ;

“Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter’s vessel.”

Now therefore be wise, O ye kings :

Be instructed, ye judges of the earth.

Serve the LORD with fear,

And rejoice with trembling.

Kiss the son, lest he be angry,

And ye perish in the way,

For his wrath will soon be kindled.

Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

iii

The Drama of Night and Morning

Night

LORD, how are mine adversaries increased!

Many are they that rise up against me.

Many there be which say of my soul,

There is no help for him in God.

But thou, O LORD, art a shield about me ;

My glory, and the lifter up of mine head.

I cry unto the LORD with my voice,
And he answereth me out of his holy hill.

Morning

I laid me down and slept ;
I awaked ; for the LORD sustaineth me.
I will not be afraid of ten thousands of the people,
That have set themselves against me round about.
Arise, O LORD ; save me, O my God :
For thou hast smitten all mine enemies upon the cheek
bone ;
Thou hast broken the teeth of the wicked.
Salvation belongeth unto the LORD :
Thy blessing be upon thy people.

iv

An Evening Prayer

Answer me when I call, O God of my righteousness ;
Thou hast set me at large when I was in distress :
Have mercy upon me, and hear my prayer.
O ye sons of men, how long shall my glory be turned into
dishonour ?
How long will ye love vanity, and seek after falsehood ?

But know that the LORD hath set apart him that is godly
for himself :

The LORD will hear when I call unto him.

Stand in awe, and sin not :

Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be
still.

Offer the sacrifices of righteousness,

And put your trust in the LORD.

Many there be that say, Who will shew us any good?

LORD, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.
Thou hast put gladness in my heart,

More than they have when their corn and their wine are
increased.

In peace will I both lay me down and sleep :

For thou, LORD, in solitude makest me dwell in safety.

v

A Morning Prayer

Give ear to my words, O LORD,

Consider my meditation.

Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God ;

For unto thee do I pray.

O LORD, in the morning shalt thou hear my voice ;
In the morning will I order my prayer unto thee, and
will keep watch.

For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness :
Evil shall not sojourn with thee.

The arrogant shall not stand in thy sight :
Thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

Thou shalt destroy them that speak lies :
The LORD abhorreth the bloodthirsty and deceitful
man.

But as for me, in the multitude of thy lovingkindness will
I come into thy house :
In thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

Lead me, O LORD, in thy righteousness because of mine
enemies ;

Make thy way plain before my face.
For there is no faithfulness in their mouth ;
Their inward part is a yawning gulf :
Their throat is an open sepulchre ;
They flatter with their tongue.

Hold them guilty, O God ;
Let them fall by their own counsels :
Thrust them out in the multitude of their transgressions ;
For they have rebelled against thee.

But let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice,
Let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest
them :
Let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee.
For thou wilt bless the righteous ;
O LORD, thou wilt compass him with favour as with a
shield.

vi

An Answer to Prayer

O LORD, rebuke me not in thine anger,
Neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.
Have mercy upon me, O LORD ; for I am withered away ;
O LORD, heal me ; for my bones are vexed :
My soul also is sore vexed.
And thou, O LORD, how long ?
Return, O LORD, deliver my soul :
Save me for thy lovingkindness' sake.

For in death there is no remembrance of thee :
In Sheol who shall give thee thanks ?
I am weary with my groaning ;
Every night make I my bed to swim ;
I water my couch with my tears.

Mine eye wasteth away because of grief;
It waxeth old because of all mine adversaries.

Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity ;
For the LORD hath heard the voice of my weeping.
The LORD hath heard my supplication ;
The LORD will receive my prayer.
All mine enemies shall be ashamed and sore vexed :
They shall turn back, they shall be ashamed suddenly.

vii

A Vision of Judgment

I

O LORD my God, in thee do I put my trust :
Save me from all them that pursue me, and deliver me :
Lest he tear my soul like a lion,
Rending it in pieces, while there is none to deliver.

O LORD my God, if I have done this ;
If there be iniquity in my hands ;
If I have rewarded evil unto him that was at peace with
me ;
(Yea, I have delivered him that without cause was
mine adversary :)

Let the enemy pursue my soul, and overtake it ;
Yea, let him tread my life down to the earth,
And lay my glory in the dust.

Arise, O LORD, in thine anger,
Lift up thyself against the rage of mine adversaries :
And awake for me.
Thou hast commanded judgement :
And let the congregation of the peoples compass thee about :
And over them return thou on high.

The LORD ministereth judgement to the peoples :
Judge me, O LORD, according to my righteousness,
And to mine integrity that is in me.
Oh, let the wickedness of the wicked come to an end,
But establish thou the righteous.
For the righteous God trieth the hearts and reins :
My shield is with God, which saveth the upright in
heart.

2

God is a righteous judge,
Yea, a God that hath indignation every day.
If a man turn not, he will whet his sword ;
He hath bent his bow, and made it ready.
He hath also prepared for him the instruments of death ;
He maketh his arrows fiery shafts.

Behold, he travaileth with iniquity ;
Yea, he hath conceived mischief, and brought forth
falsehood.
He hath made a pit, and digged it,
And is fallen into the ditch which he made.
His mischief shall return upon his own head,
And his violence shall come down upon his own pate.

I will give thanks unto the LORD according to his righteousness :
And will sing praise to the name of the LORD Most High.

viii

Man the Viceroy of God

O LORD, our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth !

Who hast set thy glory upon the heavens,
Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou
established strength,
Because of thine adversaries,
That thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained ;
What is man, that thou art mindful of him?
And the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him but little lower than God,
And crownest him with glory and honour.
Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of
thy hands ;
Thou hast put all things under his feet :

All sheep and oxen,
Yea, and the beasts of the field ;
The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea,
Whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O LORD, our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth!

ix-x

An Acrostic Anthem of Judgment

Ⓐ I will give thanks unto the LORD with my whole heart ;
I will shew forth all thy marvellous works.
I will be glad and exult in thee :
I will sing praise to thy name, O thou Most High.

Ⓑ When mine enemies turn back,
They stumble and perish at thy presence.
For thou hast maintained my right and my cause ;
Thou satest in the throne judging righteously.

Ⓒ Thou hast rebuked the nations, thou hast destroyed
the wicked,
Thou hast blotted out their name for ever and ever.

Ⓓ The enemy are come to an end, they are desolate for
ever :
And the cities which thou hast overthrown, their very
memorial is perished.

Ⓕ But the LORD sitteth as king for ever :
He hath prepared his throne for judgement.
And he shall judge the world in righteousness,
He shall minister judgement to the peoples in uprightness.

THE LORD also will be a high tower for the oppressed,
A high tower in times of trouble ;
And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee ;
For thou, LORD, hast not forsaken them that seek thee.

Ⓒ Sing praises to the LORD, which dwelleth in Zion :
Declare among the peoples his doings.
For he that maketh inquisition for blood remembereth
 them :
He forgetteth not the cry of the poor.

Ⓓ ‘ Have mercy upon me, O LORD,
‘ Behold my affliction which I suffer of them that hate
 me,
‘ Thou that liftest me up from the gates of death ;
‘ That I may shew forth all thy praise
‘ In the gates of the daughter of Zion, —
‘ I will rejoice in thy salvation.’

Ⓔ The nations are sunk down in the pit that they made :
In the net which they hid is their own foot taken.
The LORD hath made himself known, he hath executed
 judgement ;
The wicked is snared in the work of his own hands.

Ⓕ The wicked shall return to Sheol,
Even all the nations that forget God.

℣ For the needy shall not alway be forgotten,
Nor the expectation of the poor perish for ever.

Arise, O LORD; let not man prevail:
Let the nations be judged in thy sight.
Put them in fear, O LORD:
Let the nations know themselves to be but men.

Why standest thou afar off, O LORD?
Why hidest thou thyself in times of trouble?
In the pride of the wicked the poor is hotly pursued;
They are taken in the devices that they have imagined.
For the wicked boasteth of his heart's desire,
And the covetous renounceth, yea, contemneth the
LORD.

The wicked, in the pride of his countenance, saith, He
will not require it.

All his thoughts are, There is no God.
His ways are firm at all times; thy judgements are far
above out of his sight:

As for all his adversaries, he puffeth at them.
He saith in his heart, I shall not be moved:
To all generations I shall not be in adversity.

His mouth is full of cursing and deceit and oppression:
Under his tongue is mischief and iniquity.

He sitteth in the lurking places of the villages :
In the covert places doth he murder the innocent :
His eyes are privily set against the helpless.
He lurketh in the covert as a lion in his den :

He lieth in wait to catch the poor :
He doth catch the poor, when he draweth him in his
net.
He croucheth, he boweth down,
And the helpless fall by his strong ones.
He saith in his heart, God hath forgotten :
He hideth his face ; he will never see it.

☩ Arise, O LORD ; O God, lift up thine hand :
Forget not the poor.
Wherefore doth the wicked condemn God,
And say in his heart, Thou wilt not require it?

☩ Thou hast seen it ; for thou beholdest mischief and
spite,
To take it into thy hand :
The helpless committeth himself unto thee ;
Thou hast been the helper of the fatherless.

☩ Break thou the arm of the wicked ;
And as for the evil man, seek out his wickedness till thou
find none.

The LORD is King for ever and ever :
The nations are perished out of his land.

≈ LORD, thou hast heard the desire of the meek :
Thou wilt establish their heart, thou wilt cause thine ear to
hear :

To judge the fatherless and the oppressed,
That man which is of the earth may be terrible no more.

xi

A Song of Trust

In the LORD put I my trust —

How say ye to my soul,

‘Flee as a bird to your mountain?’

‘For, lo, the wicked bend the bow,

‘They make ready their arrow upon the string,

‘That they may shoot in darkness at the upright in heart.’

‘If the foundations be destroyed,

‘What can the righteous do?’

The LORD is in his holy temple,

The LORD, his throne is in heaven ;

His eyes behold, his eyelids try the children of men.

The LORD trieth the righteous :

But the wicked and him that loveth violence his soul hateth.

Upon the wicked he shall rain snares ;

Fire and brimstone and burning wind shall be the portion of their cup. —

For the LORD is righteous ;

He loveth righteousness :

The upright shall behold his face.

xii

The Words of the LORD and the Lip of Vanity

Help, LORD ; for the godly man ceaseth ;
For the faithful fail from among the children of men,
They speak vanity every one with his neighbour :
With flattering lip, and with a double heart, do they
speak.

The LORD shall cut off all flattering lips,
The tongue that speaketh great things :
Who have said, With our tongue will we prevail ;
Our lips are our own : who is lord over us ?

“For the spoiling of the poor, for the sighing of the needy,
“Now will I arise,” (saith the LORD) “I will set him in
safety at whom they puff.”

The words of the LORD are pure words ;
As silver tried in a furnace on the earth, purified seven
times.

Thou shalt keep them, O LORD,
Thou shalt preserve them from this generation for ever :
The wicked walk on every side,
When vileness is exalted among the sons of men.

xiii

Counsels of Sorrow

How long, O LORD, wilt thou forget me for ever?
How long wilt thou hide thy face from me?
How long shall I take counsel in my soul, having sorrow
 in my heart all the day?
How long shall mine enemy be exalted over me?

Consider and answer me, O LORD my God :
Lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death ;
Lest mine enemy say, I have prevailed against him ;
Lest mine adversaries rejoice when I am moved.

But I have trusted in thy mercy ;
My heart shall rejoice in thy salvation :
I will sing unto the LORD,
Because he hath dealt bountifully with me.

xiv

Judgment of a Corrupt World

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.
They are corrupt, they have done abominable works ;
 There is none that doeth good.

The LORD looked down from heaven upon the children
of men,
To see if there were any that did understand,
That did seek after God.

They are all gone aside ; they are together become filthy ;
There is none that doeth good,
No, not one.

“Have all the workers of iniquity no knowledge,
“Who eat up my people as they eat bread,
“And call not upon the LORD?”

There were they in great fear, for God is in the generation
of the righteous.
Ye put to shame the counsel of the poor,
But the LORD is his refuge.



Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion!
When the LORD bringeth back the captivity of his people,
Then shall Jacob rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.

XV

The Consecrated Life

LORD, who shall sojourn in thy tabernacle?
Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly,
And worketh righteousness,
And speaketh truth in his heart.

He that slandereth not with his tongue,
Nor doeth evil to his friend,
Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour.

In whose eyes a reprobate is despised;
But he honoureth them that fear the LORD.

He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.
He that putteth not out his money to usury,
Nor taketh reward against the innocent.

He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

xvi

A Song of Personal Consecration

Preserve me, O God :
For in thee do I put my trust.

I have said unto the LORD, 'Thou art my Lord,
 'I have no good beyond thee :'
Unto the saints that are in the earth,
 'They are the excellent in whom is all my delight.'
Their sorrows shall be multiplied that exchange the LORD
 for another god :
 Their drink offerings of blood will I not offer,
 Nor take their names upon my lips.
The LORD is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup :
 Thou maintainest my lot.
The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places ;
 Yea, I have a goodly heritage.

I will bless the LORD, who hath given me counsel :
 Yea, my reins instruct me in the night seasons.
I have set the LORD always before me :
 Because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.
Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth :
 My flesh also shall dwell in safety.

For thou wilt not leave my soul to Sheol ;
Neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one to see corrup-
tion.
Thou wilt shew me the path of life :
In thy presence is fulness of joy ;
In thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

xvii

A Prayer for the Vindication of the Righteous

Hear the right, O LORD, attend unto my cry ;
Give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.
Let my sentence come forth from thy presence ;
Let thine eyes look upon equity.

Thou hast proved mine heart ;
Thou hast visited me in the night ;
Thou hast tried me, and findest nothing ;
I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.

As for the works of men, by the word of thy lips
I have kept me from the ways of the violent.
My steps have held fast to thy paths,
My feet have not slipped.

I have called upon thee, for thou wilt answer me, O God :
Incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.
Shew thy marvellous lovingkindness, O thou that savest
 them which put their trust in thee
From those that rise up against thy right hand.

Keep me as the apple of the eye,
Hide me under the shadow of thy wings,
From the wicked that spoil me,
My deadly enemies, that compass me about.

They are inclosed in their own fat :
With their mouth they speak proudly.
They have now compassed us in our steps :
They set their eyes to cast us down to the earth.

He is like a lion that is greedy of his prey,
And as it were a young lion lurking in secret places :
Arise, O LORD,
Confront him, cast him down.

Deliver my soul from the wicked, which is thy sword ;
From men which are thy hand, O LORD,
From men of the world, whose portion is in this life,
And whose belly thou fillest with thy treasure :

They are satisfied with children,
And leave the rest of their substance to their babes.

As for me, I shall behold thy face in righteousness :
I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.

xviii

A Song of Victory

I love thee, O LORD, my strength :

The LORD is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer ;
My God, my strong rock, in him will I trust ;

My shield, and the horn of my salvation, my high tower.
I will call upon the LORD, who is worthy to be praised :
So shall I be saved from mine enemies.

The cords of death compassed me,
And the floods of ungodliness made me afraid.

The cords of Sheol were round about me :

The snares of death came upon me.
In my distress I called upon the LORD,
And cried unto my God :

He heard my voice out of his temple,
And my cry before him came into his ears.

Then the earth shook and trembled,
The foundations also of the mountains moved
And were shaken, because he was wroth.
There went up a smoke out of his nostrils,

And fire out of his mouth devoured :
Coals were kindled by it.
He bowed the heavens also, and came down ;
And thick darkness was under his feet.
And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly :
Yea, he flew swiftly upon the wings of the wind.
He made darkness his hiding place, his pavilion round
about him ;
Darkness of waters, thick clouds of the skies.
At the brightness before him his thick clouds passed,
Hailstones and coals of fire.
The LORD also thundered in the heavens,
And the Most High uttered his voice ;
Hailstones and coals of fire.
And he sent out his arrows, and scattered them ;
Yea, lightnings manifold, and discomfited them.
Then the channels of waters appeared,
And the foundations of the world were laid bare,
At thy rebuke, O LORD,
At the blast of the breath of thy nostrils.
He sent from on high, he took me ;
He drew me out of many waters.
He delivered me from my strong enemy,
And from them that hated me, for they were too mighty
for me.
They came upon me in the day of my calamity :
But the LORD was my stay.

He brought me forth also into a large place ;
He delivered me, because he delighted in me.

The LORD rewarded me according to my righteousness ;
According to the cleanness of my hands hath he recompensed me.

For I have kept the ways of the LORD,
And have not wickedly departed from my God.

For all his judgements were before me,
And I put not away his statutes from me.

I was also perfect with him,
And I kept myself from mine iniquity.

Therefore hath the LORD recompensed me according to
my righteousness,
According to the cleanness of my hands in his eyesight.

With the merciful thou wilt shew thyself merciful ;
With the perfect man thou wilt shew thyself perfect ;
With the pure thou wilt shew thyself pure ;
And with the perverse thou wilt shew thyself froward.
For thou wilt save the afflicted people ;
But the haughty eyes thou wilt bring down.

For thou wilt light my lamp ;
The LORD my God will lighten my darkness.
For by thee I run upon a troop ;
And by my God do I leap over a wall.

As for God, his way is perfect :

The word of the LORD is tried ;

He is a shield unto all them that trust in him.

For who is God, save the LORD ?

And who is a rock, beside our God ?

The God that girdeth me with strength,

And maketh my way perfect.

He maketh my feet like hinds' feet :

And setteth me upon my high places.

He teacheth my hands to war ;

So that mine arms do bend a bow of brass.

Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation :

And thy right hand hath holden me up,

And thy gentleness hath made me great.

Thou hast enlarged my steps under me,

And my feet have not slipped.

I will pursue mine enemies, and overtake them :

Neither will I turn again till they are consumed.

I will smite them through that they shall not be able to rise :

They shall fall under my feet.

For thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle :

Thou hast subdued under me those that rose up against
me.

Thou hast also made mine enemies turn their backs unto me,

That I might cut off them that hate me.

They cried, but there was none to save :

Even unto the LORD, but he answered them not.

Then did I beat them small as the dust before the wind :
I did cast them out as the mire of the streets.
Thou hast delivered me from the strivings of the people ;
Thou hast made me the head of the nations :
A people whom I have not known shall serve me.
As soon as they hear of me they shall obey me :
The strangers shall submit themselves unto me.
The strangers shall fade away,
And shall come trembling out of their close places.

The LORD liveth ; and blessed be my rock ;
And exalted be the God of my salvation :
Even the God that executeth vengeance for me,
And subdueth peoples under me ;
He rescueth me from mine enemies.
Yea, thou liftest me up above them that rise up against me :
Thou deliverest me from the violent man.
Therefore I will give thanks unto thee, O LORD, among
the nations,
And will sing praises unto thy name.
Great deliverance giveth he to his king ;
And sheweth lovingkindness to his anointed,
To David and to his seed, for evermore.

xix

The Heavens Above and the Law Within

The heavens declare the glory of God ;
And the firmament sheweth his handywork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language ;
Their voice cannot be heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course.
His going forth is from the end of the heaven,
And his circuit unto the ends of it :
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the LORD is perfect, restoring the soul :
The testimony of the LORD is sure, making wise the
simple.
The precepts of the LORD are right, rejoicing the heart :

The commandment of the LORD is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the LORD is clean, enduring for ever :

The judgements of the LORD are true, and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold :

Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned :

In keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can discern his errors ?

Clear thou me from hidden faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins ;
let them not have dominion over me :

Then shall I be perfect, and I shall be clear from great transgression.



Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight,

O LORD, my rock, and my redeemer.

xx-xxi

A War Anthem

I

Before the Battle

THE PEOPLE

The LORD answer thee in the day of trouble ;
The name of the God of Jacob set thee up on high ;
Send thee help from the sanctuary,
And strengthen thee out of Zion ;
Remember all thy offerings,
And accept thy burnt sacrifice ;
Grant thee thy heart's desire,
And fulfil all thy counsel.
We will triumph in thy victory,
And in the name of our God we will set up our banners :
The LORD fulfil all thy petitions.

THE KING

Now know I that the LORD saveth his anointed ;
He will answer him from his holy heaven
With the saving strength of his right hand.

THE PEOPLE

Some trust in chariots, and some in horses :

But we will make mention of the name of the LORD
our God.

They are bowed down and fallen :

But we are risen, and stand upright.

O LORD, save the king ;

And answer us when we call.

II

After the Victory

THE KING

The king shall joy in thy strength, O LORD ;

And in thy salvation how greatly shall he rejoice !

Thou hast given him his heart's desire,

And hast not withholden the request of his lips.

For thou preventest him with the blessings of goodness :

Thou settest a crown of fine gold on his head.

He asked life of thee, thou gavest it him ;

Even length of days for ever and ever.

His glory is great in thy salvation :

Honour and majesty dost thou lay upon him.

For thou makest him most blessed for ever :

Thou makest him glad with joy in thy presence.

For the king trusteth in the LORD,
And through the lovingkindness of the Most High he
shall not be moved.

THE PEOPLE

Thine hand shall find out all thine enemies :
Thy right hand shall find out those that hate thee.
Thou shalt make them as a fiery furnace
In the time of thine anger.
The LORD shall swallow them up in his wrath,
And the fire shall devour them.
Their fruit shalt thou destroy from the earth,
And their seed from among the children of men.
For they intended evil against thee :
They imagined a device, which they are not able to
perform.
For thou shalt make them turn their back,
Thou shalt make ready with thy bowstrings against
the face of them.
Be thou exalted, O LORD, in thy strength :
So will we sing and praise thy power.

xxii

Salvation in Extremity

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ?

Why art thou so far from helping me, and from the
words of my roaring ?

O my God, I cry in the day-time, but thou answerest not ;
And in the night season, and am not silent.

But thou art holy,

O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.

Our fathers trusted in thee :

They trusted, and thou didst deliver them.

They cried unto thee, and were delivered :

They trusted in thee, and were not ashamed.

But I am a worm, and no man ;

A reproach of men, and despised of the people.

All they that see me laugh me to scorn :

They shoot out the lip, they shake the head :

‘Commit thyself unto the LORD ; let him deliver him :

‘Let him deliver him, seeing he delighteth in him.’

But thou art he that took me out of the womb :

Thou didst make me trust when I was upon my mother’s
breasts.

I was cast upon thee from the womb :

Thou art my God from my mother’s belly.

Be not far from me ; for trouble is near ;
For there is none to help.

Many bulls have compassed me :
Strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round.
They gape upon me with their mouth,
As a ravening and a roaring lion.
I am poured out like water,
And all my bones are out of joint ;
My heart is like wax ; it is melted in the midst of my bowels ;
My strength is dried up like a potsherd ;
And my tongue cleaveth to my jaws ;
And thou hast brought me into the dust of death.
For dogs have compassed me :
The assembly of evil-doers have inclosed me ;
They pierced my hands and my feet.
I may tell all my bones :
They look and stare upon me ;
They part my garments among them,
And upon my vesture do they cast lots.
But be not thou far off, O LORD :
O thou my succour, haste thee to help me.
Deliver my soul from the sword ;
My darling from the power of the dog.
Save me from the lion's mouth —
YEA, FROM THE HORNS OF THE WILD-OXEN THOU HAST
ANSWERED ME.

I will declare thy name unto my brethren :

In the midst of the congregation will I praise thee.

Ye that fear the LORD, praise him ;

All ye the seed of Jacob, glorify him ;

And stand in awe of him, all ye the seed of Israel.

For he hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of
the afflicted ;

Neither hath he hid his face from him ;

But when he cried unto him, he heard.

Of thee cometh my praise in the great congregation :

I will pay my vows before them that fear him.

The meek shall eat and be satisfied :

They shall praise the LORD that seek after him :

‘Let your heart live for ever.’

All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn unto
the LORD :

And all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before
thee.

For the kingdom is the LORD’S :

And he is the ruler over the nations.

All the fat ones of the earth shall eat and worship :

Alli they that go down to the dust shall bow before him,

Even he that cannot keep his soul alive.

A seed shall serve him ;

It shall be told of the Lord unto the next generation.

They shall come and shall declare his righteousness

Unto a people that shall be born, that he hath done it.

xxiii

Under the Protection of Jehovah

The LORD is my shepherd ;
I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures :
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul :
He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his
name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow
of death,
I will fear no evil ;
For thou art with me :
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me
In the presence of mine enemies :
Thou hast anointed my head with oil ;
My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of
my life :
And I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

xxiv

Anthems for the Inauguration of Jerusalem

I

At the Foot of the Hill

FIRST CHOIR

The earth is the LORD'S, and the fulness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.
For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.
Who shall ascend into the hill of the LORD?
And who shall stand in his holy place?

SECOND CHOIR

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
And hath not sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive a blessing from the LORD,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
This is the generation of them that seek after him,
That seek thy face, O God of Jacob.

II

Before the Gates

I

FIRST CHOIR

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ;
And be ye lift up, ye ancient doors :
And the King of Glory shall come in.

SECOND CHOIR

Who is the King of Glory?

FIRST CHOIR

The LORD strong and mighty,
The LORD mighty in battle.

2

FIRST CHOIR

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ;
Yea, lift them up, ye ancient doors :
And the King of Glory shall come in.

SECOND CHOIR

Who is this King of Glory?

FIRST CHOIR

The LORD of Hosts,
He is the King of Glory.

XXV

An Acrostic Liturgy

Supplication

- A Unto thee, O LORD,
 Do I lift up my soul.
 B O my God, in thee have I trusted,
 Let me not be ashamed;
 Let not mine enemies triumph over me.
 C Yea, none that wait on thee shall be ashamed:
 They shall be ashamed that deal treacherously with-
 out cause.
 D Shew me thy ways, O LORD;
 Teach me thy paths.
 E Guide me in thy truth, and teach me;
 For thou art the God of my salvation;
 On thee do I wait all the day.

Penitence

- G Remember, O LORD, thy tender mercies and thy
 lovingkindnesses;
 For they have been ever of old.
 H Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my trans-
 gressions:

According to thy lovingkindness remember thou
me,

For thy goodness' sake, O LORD.

¶ Good and upright is the LORD :

Therefore will he instruct sinners in the way.

¶ The meek will he guide in judgement :

And the meek will he teach his way.

¶ All the paths of the LORD are lovingkindness and
truth

Unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

¶ For thy name's sake, O LORD,

Pardon mine iniquity, for it is great.

Confession of Faith

¶ What man is he that feareth the LORD?

Him shall he instruct in the way that he shall
choose.

¶ His soul shall dwell at ease ;

And his seed shall inherit the land.

¶ The secret of the LORD is with them that fear him ;

And he will shew them his covenant.

Supplication

¶ Mine eyes are ever toward the LORD ;

For he shall pluck my feet out of the net.

§ Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me ;
For I am desolate and afflicted.

℣ The troubles of my heart are enlarged :
O bring thou me out of my distresses.

℟ Consider mine affliction and my travail ;
And forgive all my sins.

℣ Consider mine enemies, for they are many ;
And they hate me with cruel hatred.

℣ O keep my soul, and deliver me :
Let me not be ashamed, for I put my trust in thee.

≈ Let integrity and uprightness preserve me,
For I wait on thee.

§ Redeem Israel, O God,
Out of all his troubles.

xxvi

Searchings of Heart before Worship

Judge me, O LORD, for I have walked in mine integrity :
I have trusted also in the LORD without wavering.
Examine me, O LORD, and prove me ;
Try my reins and my heart.

For thy lovingkindness is before mine eyes ;
And I have walked in thy truth.
I have not sat with vain persons ;
Neither will I go in with dissemblers.
I hate the congregation of evil-doers,
And will not sit with the wicked.

I will wash mine hands in innocency ;
So will I compass thine altar, O LORD :
That I may make the voice of thanksgiving to be heard,
And tell of all thy wondrous works.
LORD, I love the habitation of thy house,
And the place where thy glory dwelleth.

Gather not my soul with sinners,
Nor my life with men of blood :
In whose hands is mischief,
And their right hand is full of bribes.
But as for me, I will walk in mine integrity :
Redeem me, and be merciful unto me.

My foot standeth in an even place :
In the congregations will I bless the LORD.

xxvii

An Anthem of Deliverance

The LORD is my light and my salvation :

Whom shall I fear ?

The LORD is the strength of my life ;

Of whom shall I be afraid ?

When evil-doers came upon me

To eat up my flesh,

Even mine adversaries and my foes,

They stumbled and fell.

Though an host should encamp against me,

My heart shall not fear :

Though war should rise against me,

Even then will I be confident.

One thing have I asked of the LORD,

That will I seek after ;

That I may dwell in the house of the LORD,

All the days of my life,

To behold the beauty of the LORD,

And to inquire in his temple.

For in the day of trouble he shall keep me secretly in his
pavilion :

In the covert of his tabernacle shall he hide me ;

He shall lift me up upon a rock,
And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine
enemies round about me ;
And I will offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy ;
I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the LORD.

‘Hear, O LORD, when I cry with my voice :
‘Have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

“Seek ye my face” —
‘My heart said unto thee, Thy face, LORD, will I seek.
‘Hide not thy face from me ;
‘Put not thy servant away in anger.

‘Thou hast been my help, cast me not off :
‘Neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.
‘When my father and my mother forsake me,
‘The LORD will take me up.

‘Teach me thy way, O LORD,
‘And lead me in a plain path because of mine ene-
mies ;
‘Deliver me not over unto the will of mine adver-
saries :
‘For false witnesses are risen up against me, and such
as breathe out cruelty.’ —

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of
the LORD

In the land of the living.

Wait on the LORD: be strong, and let thine heart take
courage;

Yea, wait thou on the LORD.

xxviii

Help for the Trusting Heart

Unto thee, O LORD, will I call ;
My rock, be not thou deaf unto me :
Lest, if thou be silent unto me,
I become like them that go down into the pit.

Hear the voice of my supplications, when I cry unto thee,
When I lift up my hands toward thy holy oracle.
Draw me not away with the wicked, and with the workers
of iniquity ;
Which speak peace with their neighbours, but mischief is
in their hearts.

Give them according to their work,
And according to the wickedness of their doings :
Give them after the operation of their hands ;
Render to them their desert.

Because they regard not the works of the LORD,
Nor the operation of his hands,
He shall break them down and not build them up : —
BLESSED BE THE LORD, BECAUSE HE HATH HEARD THE
VOICE OF MY SUPPLICATIONS.

The LORD is my strength and my shield ;
My heart hath trusted in him, and I am helped :
Therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth ;
And with my song will I praise him.

The LORD is their strength,
And he is a strong hold of salvation to his anointed.
Save thy people, and bless thine inheritance :
Feed them also, and bear them up for ever.

xxix

Song of the Thunderstorm

Give unto the LORD, O ye sons of the mighty,
Give unto the LORD glory and strength.
Give unto the LORD the glory due unto his name ;
Worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness.

The voice of the LORD is upon the waters :
The God of glory thundereth,
Even the LORD upon many waters.

The voice of the LORD is powerful ;
The voice of the LORD is full of majesty.
The voice of the LORD breaketh the cedars ;

Yea, the LORD breaketh in pieces the cedars of Lebanon.

He maketh them also to skip like a calf;
Lebanon and Sirion like a young wild-ox.

The voice of the LORD cleaveth the flames of fire.
The voice of the LORD shaketh the wilderness;
The LORD shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh.

The voice of the LORD maketh the hinds to calve,
And strippeth the forests bare:
And in his temple every thing saith, Glory.

The LORD sat as king at the flood;
Yea, the LORD sitteth as king for ever.
The LORD will give strength unto his people;
The LORD will bless his people with peace.

xxx

Anthem for the Inauguration of Jerusalem

Starting of the Procession

I

I will extol thee, O LORD; for thou hast raised me up,
And hast not made my foes to rejoice over me.
O LORD my God,
I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me.
O LORD, thou hast brought up my soul from Sheol:
Thou hast kept me alive, from among them that go
down to the pit.

Sing praise unto the LORD. O ye saints of his,
And give thanks to his holy name.
For his anger is but for a moment;
His favour is for a life time:
Weeping may tarry for the night,
But joy cometh in the morning.

2

As for me, I said in my prosperity,
I shall never be moved,
Thou, LORD, of thy favour hadst made my mountain to
stand strong :

Thou didst hide thy face ; I was troubled,
I cried to thee, O LORD ;
And unto the LORD I made supplication :

3

‘What profit is there in my blood, when I go down to the
pit?
‘Shall the dust praise thee? shall it declare thy truth?
‘Hear, O LORD, and have mercy upon me :
‘LORD, be thou my helper.’

Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing ;
Thou hast loosed my sackcloth, and girded me with
gladness :
To the end that my glory may sing praise to thee, and not
be silent.
O LORD my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever.

xxxix

A Twice-told Deliverance

In thee, O LORD, do I put my trust; let me never be
ashamed:

Deliver me in thy righteousness.

Bow down thine ear unto me; deliver me speedily:

Be thou to me a strong rock, an house of defence to
save me.

For thou art my rock and my fortress;

Therefore for thy name's sake lead me and guide me.

Pluck me out of the net that they have laid privily for
me;

For thou art my strong hold.

Into thine hand I commend my spirit:

Thou hast redeemed me, O LORD, thou God of truth.

I hate them that regard lying vanities:

But I trust in the LORD.

I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy, for thou hast seen
my affliction;

Thou hast known my soul in adversities:

And thou hast not shut me up into the hand of the
enemy;

Thou hast set my feet in a large place.

Have mercy upon me, O LORD, for I am in distress :

Mine eye wasteth away with grief,

Yea, my soul and my body.

For my life is spent with sorrow and my years with sighing :

My strength faileth because of mine iniquity,

And my bones are wasted away.

Because of all mine adversaries I am become a reproach,

Yea, unto my neighbours exceedingly,

And a fear to mine acquaintance :

They that did see me without fled from me ;

I am forgotten as a dead man out of mind :

I am like a broken vessel.

For I have heard the defaming of many, terror on every side :

While they took counsel together against me,

They devised to take away my life.

But I trusted in thee, O LORD :

I said, Thou art my God,

My times are in thy hand.

Deliver me from the hand of mine enemies and from them that persecute me ;

Make thy face to shine upon thy servant,

Save me in thy lovingkindness.

Let me not be ashamed, O LORD, for I have called upon thee :

Let the wicked be ashamed ;

Let them be silent in Sheol.
Let the lying lips be dumb :
Which speak against the righteous insolently,
With pride and contempt.

Oh how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for
them that fear thee,
Which thou hast wrought for them that put their trust in
thee, before the sons of men !

In the covert of thy presence shalt thou hide them
from the plottings of man :

Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the
strife of tongues.

Blessed be the LORD :

For he hath shewed me his marvellous lovingkindness in
a strong city.

As for me, I said in my haste, I am cut off from before
thine eyes :

Nevertheless thou heardest the voice of my supplica-
tions when I cried unto thee.

O love the LORD, all ye his saints :

The LORD preserveth the faithful, and plentifully rewardeth
the proud doer.

Be strong, and let your heart take courage,
All ye that hope in the LORD.

xxxii

Blessedness of the Forgiven Soul

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven,
Whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man unto whom the LORD imputeth not
iniquity,
And in whose spirit there is no guile.

When I kept silence, my bones waxed old
Through my roaring all the day long.
For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me :
My moisture was changed as with the drought of
summer.

I acknowledged my sin unto thee,
And mine iniquity have I not hid :
I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the LORD ;
And thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

For this let every one that is godly pray unto thee in a
time when thou mayest be found :
Surely when the great waters overflow they shall not
reach unto him.

Thou art my hiding place ; thou wilt preserve me from trouble ;

Thou wilt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

“I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go :

“I will counsel thee with mine eye upon thee.”

Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding :

Whose trappings must be bit and bridle to hold them in, else they will not come near unto thee.

Many sorrows shall be to the wicked :

But he that trusteth in the LORD, mercy shall compass him about.

Be glad in the LORD, and rejoice, ye righteous :

And shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

xxxiii

Blessed is the People whose God is The LORD

A Festal Hymn

CHORUS

Rejoice in the LORD, O ye righteous :
Praise is comely for the upright.
Give thanks unto the LORD with harp :
Sing praises unto him with the psaltery of ten strings.
Sing unto him a new song ;
Play skilfully with a loud noise.

FIRST SEMICHORUS

For the word of the LORD is right ;
And all his work is done in faithfulness.
He loveth righteousness and judgement :
The earth is full of the lovingkindness of the LORD.
By the word of the LORD were the heavens made ;
And all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.
He gathereth the waters of the sea together as an
heap :
He layeth up the deeps in storehouses.

Let all the earth fear the LORD :

Let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of
him.

For he spake, and it was done ;

He commanded, and it stood fast.

The LORD bringeth the counsel of the nations to nought :

He maketh the thoughts of the peoples to be of none
effect.

The counsel of the LORD standeth fast for ever,

The thoughts of his heart to all generations.

SECOND SEMICHORUS

Blessed is the nation whose God is the LORD ;

The people whom he hath chosen for his own in-
heritance.

The LORD looketh from heaven ;

He beholdeth all the sons of men ;

From the place of his habitation he looketh forth

Upon all the inhabitants of the earth ;

(He that fashioneth the hearts of them all,

That considereth all their works ;)

There is no king saved by the multitude of an host ;

A mighty man is not delivered by great strength ;

An horse is a vain thing for safety ;

Neither shall he deliver any by his great power :

Behold, the eye of the LORD is upon them that fear him,
Upon them that hope in his mercy ;
To deliver their soul from death ;
And to keep them alive in famine.

CHORUS

Our soul hath waited for the LORD :
He is our help and our shield.
For our heart shall rejoice in him,
Because we have trusted in his holy name.
Let thy mercy, O LORD, be upon us,
According as we have hoped in thee.

xxxiv

My Soul shall make her Boast in the LORD

A Votive Hymn

INTRODUCTION

- Ⓐ I will bless the LORD at all times:
His praise shall continually be in my mouth.
Ⓑ My soul shall make her boast in the LORD:
The meek shall hear thereof, and be glad.

SOLO

- Ⓒ O magnify the LORD with me,
And let us exalt his name together.
Ⓓ I sought the LORD, and he answered me,
And delivered me from all my fears.
Ⓔ They looked unto him, and were lightened:
And their faces shall never be confounded.
Ⓕ This poor man cried, and the LORD heard him,
And saved him out of all his troubles.

CHORUS

- Ⓖ The angel of the LORD encampeth round about them
that fear him,
And delivereth them.

- J O taste and see that the LORD is good :
 Blessed is the man that trusteth in him.
 K O fear the LORD, ye his saints :
 For there is no want to them that fear him.
 L The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger :
 But they that seek the LORD shall not want any
 good thing.

SOLO

- M Come, ye children, hearken unto me :
 I will teach you the fear of the LORD.
 N What man is he that desireth life,
 And loveth many days, that he may see good?
 O Keep thy tongue from evil,
 And thy lips from speaking guile.
 P Depart from evil, and do good ;
 Seek peace, and pursue it.

CHORUS

- R The eyes of the LORD are toward the righteous,
 And his ears are open unto their cry.
 S The face of the LORD is against them that do evil,
 To cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.
 T The righteous cried, and the LORD heard,
 And delivered them out of all their troubles.

U The LORD is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart,
And saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

SOLO

U Many are the afflictions of the righteous :
But the LORD delivereth him out of them all.
U He keepeth all his bones :
Not one of them is broken.

CHORUS

~ Evil will slay the wicked :
And they that hate the righteous shall be condemned.
S The LORD redeemeth the soul of his servants :
And none of them that trust in him shall be condemned.

xxxv

A Litany of Judgment

Strive thou, O LORD, with them that strive with me :

Fight thou against them that fight against me.

Take hold of shield and buckler, and stand up for mine
help :

Draw out also the spear, and stop the way against them
that pursue me :

Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.

Let them be ashamed and brought to dishonour that seek
after my soul :

Let them be turned back and confounded that devise
my hurt.

Let them be as chaff before the wind,

And the angel of the LORD driving them on.

Let their way be dark and slippery,

And the angel of the LORD pursuing them.

For without cause have they hid for me their net in a pit,

Without cause have they digged a pit for my soul.

Let destruction come upon him at unawares ;

And let his net that he hath hid catch himself ;

Into that very destruction let him fall.

And my soul shall be joyful in the LORD :

It shall rejoice in his salvation ;

All my bones shall say, LORD, who is like unto thee,
Which deliverest the poor from him that is too strong
for him,
Yea, the poor and the needy from him that spoileth
him ?

Unrighteous witnesses rise up ;
They ask me of things that I know not.
They reward me evil for good,
To the bereaving of my soul.
But as for me, when they were sick, my clothing was sack-
cloth :
I afflicted my soul with fasting ;
And my prayer returned into mine own bosom.
I behaved myself as though it had been my friend or my
brother :
I bowed down mourning, as one that bewaileth his mother.
But when I halted they rejoiced
And gathered themselves together :
The abjects gathered themselves together against me,
And those whom I knew not ;
They did tear me, and ceased not :
Among the profane mockers in feasts,
They gnashed upon me with their teeth.
Lord, how long wilt thou look on ?
Rescue my soul from their destructions,
My darling from the lions.

I will give thee thanks in the great congregation :
I will praise thee among much people.

Let not them that are mine enemies wrongfully rejoice
over me :

Neither let them wink with the eye that hate me without
a cause.

For they speak not peace :

But they devise deceitful words against them that are
quiet in the land.

Yea, they opened their mouth wide against me ;

They said, Aha, aha, our eye hath seen it.

Thou hast seen it, O LORD ; keep not silence : O Lord, be
not far from me.

Stir up thyself, and awake to my judgement,

Even unto my cause, my God and my Lord.

Judge me, O LORD my God, according to thy righteousness ;

And let them not rejoice over me.

Let them not say in their heart, 'Aha, so would we have
it :

Let them not say, We have swallowed him up.

Let them be ashamed and confounded together that rejoice
at mine hurt :

Let them be clothed with shame and dishonour that
magnify themselves against me.

Let them shout for joy, and be glad, that favour my righteous cause :

Yea, let them say continually, The LORD be magnified,
Which hath pleasure in the prosperity of his servant.
And my tongue shall talk of thy righteousness,
And of thy praise all the day long.

xxxvi

Evil Unbounded and Infinite Good

The transgression of the wicked uttereth its oracle within
his heart,

There is no fear of God before his eyes.

For he flattereth himself in his own eyes,

That his iniquity shall not be found out and be hated.

The words of his mouth are iniquity and deceit :

He hath left off to be wise and to do good.

He deviseth iniquity upon his bed ;

He setteth himself in a way that is not good ;

He abhorreth not evil.

Thy lovingkindness, O LORD, is in the heavens ;

Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the skies.

Thy righteousness is like the mountains of God ;

Thy judgements are a great deep :

O LORD, thou preservest man and beast.
 How precious is thy lovingkindness, O God !
 And the children of men take refuge under the shadow
 of thy wings.
 They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of
 thy house ;
 And thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy
 pleasures.

For with thee is the fountain of life :
 In thy light shall we see light.
 O continue thy lovingkindness unto them that know thee ;
 And thy righteousness to the upright in heart.
 Let not the foot of pride come against me,
 And let not the hand of the wicked drive me away.
 There are the workers of iniquity fallen :
 They are thrust down, and shall not be able to rise.

xxxvii

The Prosperity of the Wicked

An Acrostic Meditation

¶ Fret not thyself because of evil-doers,
 Neither be thou envious against them that work
 unrighteousness.

For they shall soon be cut down like the grass,
And wither as the green herb.

13 Trust in the LORD, and do good ;
So shalt thou dwell in the land, and feed securely.
Delight thyself also in the LORD ;
And he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

14 Commit thy way unto the LORD ;
Trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.
And he shall make thy righteousness to go forth as
the light,
And thy judgement as the noonday.

15 Rest in the LORD,
And wait patiently for him ;
Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his
way,
Because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to
pass.

16 Cease from anger, and forsake wrath :
Fret not thyself, it tendeth only to evil-doing.
For evil-doers shall be cut off :
But those that wait upon the LORD, they shall in-
herit the land.

¶ For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be :
 Yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and
 he shall not be.
 But the meek shall inherit the land ;
 And shall delight themselves in the abundance of
 peace.

¶ The wicked plotteth against the just,
 And gnasheth upon him with his teeth.
 The Lord shall laugh at him :
 For he seeth that his day is coming.

¶ The wicked have drawn out the sword, and have bent
 their bow ;
 To cast down the poor and needy, to slay such as
 be upright in the way :
 Their sword shall enter into their own heart,
 And their bows shall be broken.

¶ Better is a little that the righteous hath
 Than the abundance of many wicked.
 For the arms of the wicked shall be broken :
 But the LORD upholdeth the righteous.

¶ The LORD knoweth the days of the perfect :
 And their inheritance shall be for ever.
 They shall not be ashamed in the time of evil :
 And in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.

℣ But the wicked shall perish,
And the enemies of the LORD shall be as the excellency of the pastures :
They shall consume ;
In smoke shall they consume away.

℣ The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again :
But the righteous dealeth graciously, and giveth.
For such as be blessed of him shall inherit the land ;
And they that be cursed of him shall be cut off.

℣ A man's goings are established of the LORD ;
And he delighteth in his way.
Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down :
For the LORD upholdeth him with his hand.

Ⓢ I have been young, and now am old ;
Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.
All the day long he dealeth graciously, and lendeth ;
And his seed is blessed.

Ⓢ Depart from evil, and do good ;
And dwell for evermore.
For the LORD loveth judgement,
And forsaketh not his saints ;

℞ They are preserved for ever :

But the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.
The righteous shall inherit the land,
And dwell therein for ever.

℟ The mouth of the righteous talketh of wisdom,
And his tongue speaketh judgement.
The law of his God is in his heart ;
None of his steps shall slide.

℣ The wicked watcheth the righteous,
And seeketh to slay him.
The LORD will not leave him in his hand,
Nor condemn him when he is judged.

℥ Wait on the LORD,
And keep his way,
And he shall exalt thee to inherit the land :
When the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.

℣ I have seen the wicked in great power,
And spreading himself like a green tree in its native
soil.
But one passed by, and, lo, he was not :
Yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

℥ Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright :
For the latter end of that man is peace.

As for transgressors, they shall be destroyed together :
The latter end of the wicked shall be cut off.

≈ But the salvation of the righteous is of the LORD ; he
is their strong hold in the time of trouble.
And the LORD helpeth them, and rescueth them :
He rescueth them from the wicked, and saveth them,
Because they have taken refuge in him.

xxxviii

Corruption Within and Foes Without

O LORD, rebuke me not in thy wrath :
Neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.
For thine arrows stick fast in me,
And thy hand presseth me sore.
There is no soundness in my flesh because of thine indignation,
Neither is there any health in my bones because of my sin.
For mine iniquities are gone over mine head :
As an heavy burden they are too heavy for me.
My wounds stink and are corrupt because of my foolishness.
I am pained and bowed down greatly ; I go mourning
all the day long.

For my loins are filled with burning ;
And there is no soundness in my flesh.
I am faint and sore bruised :
I have roared by reason of the disquietness of my heart.
Lord, all my desire is before thee ;
And my groaning is not hid from thee.
My heart throbberh, my strength faileth me :
As for the light of mine eyes, it also is gone from me.
My lovers and my friends stand aloof from my plague ;
And my kinsmen stand afar off.

They also that seek after my life lay snares for me ;
And they that seek my hurt speak mischievous things,
And imagine deceits all the day long.
But I, as a deaf man, hear not ;
And I am as a dumb man that openeth not his mouth.
Yea, I am as a man that heareth not,
And in whose mouth are no reproofs.
For in thee, O LORD, do I hope :
Thou wilt answer, O Lord my God.
For I said, Lest they rejoice over me :
When my foot slippeth, they magnify themselves
against me.
For I am ready to halt,
And my sorrow is continually before me.
For I will declare mine iniquity ;
I will be sorry for my sin.

But mine enemies are lively, and are strong :
And they that hate me wrongfully are multiplied.
They also that render evil for good
Are adversaries unto me, because I follow the thing
that is good.
Forsake me not, O LORD : O my God, be not far from me.
Make haste to help me, O Lord my salvation.

xxxix

A Struggle with Despair

I

I said, I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my
tongue ;
I will keep my mouth with a bridle while the wicked
is before me.
I was dumb with silence ;
I held my peace, and had no comfort ;
And my sorrow was stirred,
My heart was hot within me ;
While I was musing the fire kindled :
Then spake I with my tongue.

LORD, make me to know mine end,
And the measure of my days, what it is ; ,
Let me know how frail I am.

Behold, thou hast made my days as handbreadths ;
And mine age is as nothing before thee :
Surely every man at his best estate is altogether vanity :
Surely every man walketh in a vain shew :
Surely they are disquieted in vain :
He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall
gather them.

2

And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee.
Deliver me from all my transgressions :
Make me not the reproach of the foolish.
I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it.
Remove thy stroke away from me :
I am consumed by the blow of thine hand.
When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity,
Thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth :
Surely every man is vanity.

Hear my prayer, O LORD, and give ear unto my cry ;
Hold not thy peace at my tears :
For I am a stranger with thee,
A sojourner, as all my fathers were.
O spare me, that I may recover strength,
Before I go hence, and be no more.

xl

A Liturgy

Thanksgiving

I waited patiently for the LORD ;
And he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.
He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the
miry clay ;
And he set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.
And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise
unto our God :
Many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the LORD.

‘Blessed is the man that maketh the LORD his trust,
‘And respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to
lies.
‘Many, O LORD my God, are the wonderful works which
thou hast done,
‘And thy thoughts which are to us-ward :
‘They cannot be set in order unto thee ;
‘If I would declare and speak of them, they are more than
can be numbered.’

Confession of Faith

Sacrifice and offering thou hast no delight in ;

(Mine ears hast thou opened :)

Burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.

Then said I, Lo, I am come ;

(In the roll of the book it is prescribed to me :)

I delight to do thy will, O my God ;

(Yea, thy law is within my heart.)

I have published righteousness in the great congregation ;

(Lo, I will not refrain my lips,

O LORD, thou knowest.)

I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart ;

I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation :

I have not concealed thy lovingkindness and thy truth
from the great congregation.

Supplication

Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O LORD :

Let thy lovingkindness and thy truth continually preserve
me.

For innumerable evils have compassed me about,

Mine iniquities have overtaken me, so that I am not able
to look up ;

They are more than the hairs of mine head, and my heart
hath failed me.

*Be pleased, O LORD, to deliver me :
Make haste to help me, O LORD.*

Let them be ashamed and confounded together that seek
after my soul to destroy it :

Let them be turned backward and brought to dishonour
that delight in my hurt.

Let them be desolate by reason of their shame that say
unto me, Aha, Aha.

Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee :

Let such as love thy salvation say continually, The LORD
be magnified.

*But I am poor and needy ; yet the Lord thinketh
upon me :*

*Thou art my help and my deliverer ; make no tarry-
ing, O my God.*

xli

Integrity succoured in the Day of Evil

Blessed is he that considereth the poor :

The LORD will deliver him in the day of evil.

The LORD will preserve him, and keep him alive,

And he shall be blessed upon the earth ;

And deliver not thou him unto the will of his enemies.

The LORD will support him upon the couch of languishing :

Thou makest all his bed in his sickness.

I said, O LORD, have mercy upon me :

Heal my soul ; for I have sinned against thee.

Mine enemies speak evil against me :

‘ When shall he die, and his name perish ? ’

And if he come to see me, he speaketh vanity ;

His heart gathereth iniquity to itself :

When he goeth abroad, he telleth it.

All that hate me whisper together against me :

Against me do they devise my hurt.

‘ An evil disease cleaveth fast unto him :

‘ And now that he lieth he shall rise up no more. ’

Yea, mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted,

Which did eat of my bread,

Hath lifted up his heel against me.

But thou, O LORD, have mercy upon me, and raise me up,
That I may requite them.

By this I know that thou delightest in me,
Because mine enemy doth not triumph over me.
And as for me, thou upholdest me in mine integrity,
And settest me before thy face for ever.

Blessed be the LORD, the God of Israel,
From everlasting and to everlasting.
Amen, and Amen.

BOOK II

xlili-xliiii

Exiled from the House of God

As the hart panteth after the water brooks,
So panteth my soul after thee, O God.
My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God:
When shall I come and appear before God?
My tears have been my meat day and night,
While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?
These things I remember,
And pour out my soul within me,
How I went with the throng, and led them to the house of
God,
With the voice of joy and praise, a multitude keeping
holyday.

*Why art thou cast down, O my soul:
And why art thou disquieted within me?
Hope thou in God:
For I shall yet praise him,
Who is the health of my countenance,
And my God.*

My soul is cast down within me :

Therefore do I remember thee from the land of Jordan,
And the Hermons, from the hill Mizar.

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts :

All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

Yet the LORD will command his lovingkindness in the
day-time,

And in the night his song shall be with me,

Even a prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me?

Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the
enemy?

As with a sword in my bones, mine adversaries reproach
me ;

While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul ?

And why art thou disquieted within me ?

Hope thou in God :

For I shall yet praise him,

Who is the health of my countenance,

And my God.

Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly
nation :

O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.

For thou art the God of my strength ; why hast thou cast
me off?

Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the
enemy?

O send out thy light and thy truth ;

Let them lead me :

Let them bring me unto thy holy hill,

And to thy tabernacles.

Then will I go unto the altar of God,

Unto God my exceeding joy :

And upon the harp will I praise thee, O God, my God.

WHY ART THOU CAST DOWN, O MY SOUL?

AND WHY ART THOU DISQUIETED WITHIN ME?

HOPE THOU IN GOD :

FOR I SHALL YET PRAISE HIM,

WHO IS THE HEALTH OF MY COUNTENANCE,

AND MY GOD.

xliv

Our Fathers' Days and Ours

I

We have heard with our ears, O God,

Our fathers have told us,

What work thou didst in their days,

In the days of old.

Thou didst drive out the nations with thy hand, and
plantedst them in ;

Thou didst afflict the peoples, and didst spread them
abroad.

For they gat not the land in possession by their own sword,
Neither did their own arm save them :

But thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy
countenance,

Because thou hadst a favour unto them.

‘Thou art my King, O God :

‘Command deliverance for Jacob.

‘Through thee will we push down our adversaries :

‘Through thy name will we tread them under that rise
up against us.

‘For I will not trust in my bow,

‘Neither shall my sword save me.

‘But thou hast saved us from our adversaries,
 ‘And hast put them to shame that hate us.
 ‘In God have we made our boast all the day long,
 ‘And we will give thanks unto thy name for ever.’

2

But now thou hast cast us off, and brought us to dishonour;
 And goest not forth with our hosts.
 Thou makest us to turn back from the adversary:
 And they which hate us spoil for themselves.
 Thou hast given us like sheep appointed for meat;
 And hast scattered us among the nations.
 Thou sellest thy people for nought,
 And hast not increased thy wealth by their price.

 Thou makest us a reproach to our neighbours,
 A scorn and a derision to them that are round about
 us.
 Thou makest us a byword among the nations,
 A shaking of the head among the peoples.
 All the day long is my dishonour before me,
 And the shame of my face hath covered me,
 For the voice of him that reproacheth and blasphemeth;
 By reason of the enemy and the avenger.

3

All this is come upon us ; yet have we not forgotten thee,
Neither have we dealt falsely in thy covenant.
Our heart is not turned back,
Neither have our steps declined from thy way ;
Though thou hast sore broken us in the place of jackals,
And covered us with the shadow of death.

If we have forgotten the name of our God,
Or spread forth our hands to a strange god ;
Shall not God search this out ?
For he knoweth the secrets of the heart.
Yea, for thy sake are we killed all the day long ;
We are counted as sheep for the slaughter.

4

Awake, why sleepest thou, O Lord ?
Arise, cast us not off for ever.
Wherefore hidest thou thy face,
And forgettest our affliction and our oppression ?

For our soul is bowed down to the dust :
Our belly cleaveth unto the earth.
Rise up for our help,
And redeem us for thy lovingkindness' sake.

xlv

A Royal Marriage Hymn

My heart overfloweth with a goodly matter :
I speak the things which I have made touching the king :
My tongue is the pen of a ready writer.

Thou art fairer than the children of men ;
Grace is poured into thy lips :

Therefore God hath blessed thee for ever.

Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O mighty one.

Thy glory and thy majesty.

And in thy majesty ride on prosperously,

In behalf of truth and meekness and righteousness :

And thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.

Thine arrows are sharp — the peoples fall under thee —

In the heart of the king's enemies.

Thy throne is the throne of God for ever and ever :

A sceptre of equity is the sceptre of thy kingdom.

Thou hast loved righteousness, and hated wickedness :

Therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee

With the oil of gladness above thy fellows.

All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia ;

Out of ivory palaces stringed instruments have made
thee glad.

Kings' daughters are among thy honourable women :

At thy right hand doth stand the queen in gold of
Ophir.

Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear ;

Forget also thine own people, and thy father's house ;

So shall the king desire thy beauty :

For he is thy Lord ; and worship thou him.

And the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift ;

Even the rich among the people shall intreat thy
favour.

The king's daughter within the palace is all glorious :

Her clothing is inwrought with gold.

She shall be led unto the king in brodered work :

The virgins her companions that follow her shall be
brought unto thee.

With gladness and rejoicing shall they be led :

They shall enter into the king's palace.

Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children,

Whom thou shalt make princes in all the earth.

I will make thy name to be remembered in all generations :

Therefore shall the peoples give thee thanks for ever
and ever.

xlvi

The LORD of Hosts our Refuge

God is our refuge and strength,

A very present help in trouble.

Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change,

And though the mountains be moved in the heart of the
seas ;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,

Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

THE LORD OF HOSTS IS WITH US ;

THE GOD OF JACOB IS OUR REFUGE.

There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city
of God,

The holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

God is in the midst of her ; she shall not be moved :

God shall help her at the dawn of morning.

The nations raged, the kingdoms were moved :

He uttered his voice, the earth melted.

THE LORD OF HOSTS IS WITH US ;

THE GOD OF JACOB IS OUR REFUGE.

Come, behold the works of the LORD,

What desolations he hath made in the earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth ;
He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder ;
He burneth the chariots in the fire.
Be still, and know that I am God :
I will be exalted among the nations,
I will be exalted in the earth.

THE LORD OF HOSTS IS WITH US ;
THE GOD OF JACOB IS OUR REFUGE.

xlvii

God is gone up with a Shout

A Festal Hymn

O clap your hands, all ye peoples ;
Shout unto God with the voice of triumph.
For the LORD Most High is terrible ;
He is a great King over all the earth.
He shall subdue the peoples under us,
And the nations under our feet.
He shall choose our inheritance for us,
The excellency of Jacob whom he loved.
God is gone up with a shout.
The LORD with the sound of a trumpet.
Sing praises to God, sing praises :

Sing praises unto our King, sing praises.

For God is the King of all the earth —

Sing ye praises with understanding —

God reigneth over the nations :

God sitteth upon his holy throne.

The princes of the peoples are gathered together unto
the people of the God of Abraham :

For the shields of the earth belong unto God ;

He is greatly exalted.

xlvi

God is known in Zion for a Refuge

A Song of Deliverance

Great is the LORD, and highly to be praised,

In the city of our God, in his holy mountain.

Beautiful in elevation, the joy of the whole earth.

Is mount Zion, on the sides of the north,

The city of the great King.

God hath made himself known in her palaces for a refuge.

For, lo, the kings assembled themselves,

They passed by together.

They saw it, then were they amazed ;

They were dismayed, they hasted away.

Trembling took hold of them there ; pain, as of a woman
in travail,
As with the east wind that breaketh the ships of Tarshish.

As we have heard, so have we seen
In the city of the LORD of hosts, in the city of our God :
God will establish it for ever.
We have thought on thy lovingkindness, O God, in the
midst of thy temple.
As is thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of
the earth :
Thy right hand is full of righteousness.

Let mount Zion be glad, let the daughters of Judah re-
joice because of thy judgements.
Walk about Zion, and go round about her :
Tell the towers thereof, mark ye well her bulwarks, con-
sider her palaces ;
That ye may tell it to the generation following.
For this God is our God for ever and ever :
He will be our guide even unto death.

xlix

Man that is in Honour

Hear this, all ye peoples ;

Give ear, all ye inhabitants of the world :
Both low and high,

Rich and poor together.

My mouth shall speak wisdom ;

And the meditation of my heart shall be of understanding.
I will incline mine ear to a parable :

I will open my dark saying upon the harp.

Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil,
When iniquity at my heels compasseth me about?

They that trust in their wealth,

And boast themselves in the multitude of their riches ;
None of them can by any means redeem his brother,
Nor give to God a ransom for him :

(For the redemption of their soul is costly,

And must be let alone for ever :)

That he should still live away,

That he should not see corruption.

Yea, he shall see it : wise men die,

The fool and the brutish together perish,

And leave their wealth to others.

Their inward thought is, that their houses shall continue
for ever,

And their dwelling places to all generations ;

They call their lands after their own names.

But man being in honour abideth not :

He is like the beasts that perish.

(This their way is their folly :

Yet after them men approve their sayings.)

They are appointed as a flock for Sheol ;

Death shall be their shepherd :

And the upright shall have dominion over them in the
morning ;

And their beauty shall be for Sheol to consume, that there
be no habitation for it.

But God will redeem my soul from the power of Sheol :

For he shall receive me.

Be not thou afraid when one is made rich,

When the glory of his house is increased :

For when he dieth he shall carry nothing away ;

His glory shall not descend after him.

Though while he lived he blessed his soul,

And men praise thee, when thou doest well to thyself,

He shall go to the generation of his fathers ;

They shall never see the light.

Man that is in honour, and understandeth not,

Is like the beasts that perish.

1

A Vision of Judgment

The God of gods, the LORD, hath spoken,
And called the earth from the rising of the sun unto
the going down thereof.

Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined
forth.

Our God cometh, and shall not keep silence :
A fire devoureth before him,

And it is very tempestuous round about him.
He calleth to the heavens above,

And to the earth, that he may judge his people —
“Gather my saints together unto me ;

“Those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice ” —

And the heavens declare his righteousness ;
For God is judge himself.

GOD

Hear, O my people, and I will speak ;
O Israel, and I will testify unto thee :
I am God, even thy God.

I will not reprove thee for thy sacrifices ;
And thy burnt offerings are continually before me.

I will take no bullock out of thy house,
Nor he-goats out of thy folds.
For every beast of the forest is mine,
And the cattle upon a thousand hills.
I know all the fowls of the mountains :
And the wild beasts of the field are mine.
If I were hungry, I would not tell thee :
For the world is mine, and the fulness thereof.
Will I eat the flesh of bulls,
Or drink the blood of goats ?

Offer unto God the sacrifice of thanksgiving ;
And pay thy vows unto the Most High :
And call upon me in the day of trouble ;
I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.

But unto the wicked God saith,
What hast thou to do to declare my statutes,
And that thou hast taken my covenant in thy mouth ?
Seeing thou hatest instruction,
And castest my words behind thee.
When thou sawest a thief, thou consentedst with him,
And hast been partaker with adulterers.
Thou givest thy mouth to evil,
And thy tongue frameth deceit.
Thou sittest and speakest against thy brother ;
Thou slanderest thine own mother's son.
These things hast thou done, and I kept silence ;

Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one
as thyself:

But I will reprove thee,

And set them in order before thine eyes.

Now consider this, ye that forget God,

Lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver:

Whoso offereth the sacrifice of thanksgiving glorifieth me;

And to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I
shew the salvation of God.

li

Prayer of a Sin-stricken Conscience

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-
kindness:

According to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot
out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity,

And cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgressions:

And my sin is ever before me.

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned,

And done that which is evil in thy sight:

That thou mayest be justified when thou speakest,

And be clear when thou judgest.

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity ;
And in sin did my mother conceive me.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts :
And in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know
wisdom.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean :
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Make me to hear joy and gladness ;
That the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

Hide thy face from my sins,
And blot out all mine iniquities.
Create in me a clean heart, O God ;
And renew a right spirit within me.
Cast me not away from thy presence ;
And take not thy holy spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation :
And uphold me with a free spirit.
Then will I teach transgressors thy ways ;
And sinners shall be converted unto thee.
Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my
salvation ;
And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

O Lord, open thou my lips ;
And my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

For thou delightest not in sacrifice ; else would I give it :
Thou hast no pleasure in burnt offering.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit :

A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not
despise.



Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion :

Build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

Then shalt thou delight in the sacrifices of righteousness,
in burnt offering and whole burnt offering :

Then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

lii

The Mighty Man of Mischief

Why boastest thou thyself in mischief, O mighty man?

The mercy of God endureth continually.

Thy tongue deviseth very wickedness ;

Like a sharp razor, working deceitfully.

Thou lovest evil more than good ;

And lying rather than to speak righteousness.

Thou lovest all devouring words,

O thou deceitful tongue.

God shall likewise destroy thee for ever,
He shall take thee up, and pluck thee out of thy tent,
And root thee out of the land of the living.
The righteous also shall see it, and fear,
And shall laugh at him, saying,
Lo, this is the man that made not God his strength;
But trusted in the abundance of his riches,
And strengthened himself in his wickedness.
But as for me, I am like a green olive tree in the house of
God:
I trust in the mercy of God for ever and ever.

I will give thee thanks for ever, because thou hast done it:
And I will wait on thy name, for it is good, in the presence
of thy saints.

liii

Judgment of a Corrupt World

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.
Corrupt are they, and have done abominable iniquity;
There is none that doeth good.

God looked down from heaven upon the children of men,
To see if there were any that did understand,
That did seek after God.

Every one of them is gone back ; they are together become
filthy ;

There is none that doeth good,

No, not one.

“ Have the workers of iniquity no knowledge,

“ Who eat up my people as they eat bread,

“ And call not upon God? ”

There were they in great fear, where no fear was :

For God hath scattered the bones of him that encampeth
against thee ;

Thou hast put them to shame, because God hath re-
jected them.



Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion !

When God bringeth back the captivity of his people,

Then shall Jacob rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.

liv

God mine Helper

Save me, O God, by thy name,

And judge me in thy might.

Hear my prayer, O God ;

Give ear to the words of my mouth.

For strangers are risen up against me,
And violent men have sought after my soul :
They have not set God before them.
Behold, God is mine helper :
The Lord is of them that uphold my soul.
He shall requite the evil unto mine enemies :
Destroy thou them in thy truth.

With a freewill offering will I sacrifice unto thee :
I will give thanks unto thy name, O LORD, for it is good.
For he hath delivered me out of all trouble ;
And mine eye hath seen my desire upon mine enemies.

lv

Litany of the Oppressed

Give ear to my prayer, O God ;
And hide not thyself from my supplication.
Attend unto me, and answer me :
I am restless in my complaint, and moan ;
Because of the voice of the enemy,
Because of the oppression of the wicked.

For they cast iniquity upon me,
And in anger they persecute me.

My heart is sore pained within me :
 And the terrors of death are fallen upon me.
 Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me,
 And horror hath overwhelmed me.

And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove !
 Then would I fly away, and be at rest.
 Lo, then would I wander far off,
 I would lodge in the wilderness.
 I would haste me to a shelter
 From the stormy wind and tempest.

Destroy, O Lord, and divide their tongue :
 For I have seen violence and strife in the city.
 Day and night they go about it upon the walls thereof :
 Iniquity also and mischief are in the midst of it.
 Wickedness is in the midst thereof :
 Oppression and guile depart not from her streets.
 For it was not an enemy that reproached me —
 Then I could have borne it —
 Neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself
 against me —
 Then I would have hid myself from him —
 But it was thou, a man mine equal,
 My companion, and my familiar friend.
 We took sweet counsel together,

We walked in the house of God with the throng.
Let death come suddenly upon them, let them go down
 alive into the pit :
For wickedness is in their dwelling, in the midst of
 them.

As for me, I will call upon God ;
 And the LORD shall save me.
Evening, and morning, and at noonday, will I complain,
 and moan :
 And he shall hear my voice.
He hath redeemed my soul in peace from the battle that
 was against me :
 For they were many that strove with me.
God shall hear, and answer them,
 Even he that abideth of old,
The men who have no changes,
 And who fear not God.
He hath put forth his hands against such as were at peace
 with him :
 He hath profaned his covenant.
His mouth was smooth as butter,
 But his heart was war :
His words were softer than oil,
 Yet were they drawn swords.

Cast thy burden upon the LORD,
And he shall sustain thee :

He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.
But thou, O God, shalt bring them down into the pit of
destruction :
Bloodthirsty and deceitful men shall not live out half their
days ;
But I will trust in thee.

lvi

God is for me

Be merciful unto me, O God ; for man would swallow
me up :

All the day long he fighting oppresseth me.
Mine enemies would swallow me up all the day long :
For they be many that fight proudly against me.
What time I am afraid,
I will put my trust in thee.
In God I will praise his word :
In God have I put my trust, I will not be afraid ;
What can flesh do unto me ?

All the day long they wrest my words :
All their thoughts are against me for evil.

They gather themselves together, they hide themselves,
they mark my steps,

Even as they have waited for my soul.

Shall they escape by iniquity?

In anger cast down the peoples, O God.

Thou tellest my wanderings :

Put thou my tears into thy bottle ;

Are they not in thy book ?

Then shall mine enemies turn back in the day that I call :

This I know, that God is for me.

In God will I praise his word :

In the LORD will I praise his word.

In God have I put my trust, I will not be afraid ;

What can man do unto me ?

Thy vows are upon me, O God :

I will render thank offerings unto thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death :

Hast thou not delivered my feet from falling ?

That I may walk before God in the light of the living.

lvii

The Enemy fallen into his own Pit

Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me ;
For my soul taketh refuge in thee :
Yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I take refuge,
Until these calamities be overpast.

I will cry unto God Most High,
Unto God that performeth all things for me ;
He shall send from heaven, and save me, when he that
would swallow me up reproacheth ;
God shall send forth his mercy and his truth.

My soul is among lions ;
I lie among them that are set on fire,
Even the sons of men, whose teeth are spears and arrows,
And their tongue a sharp sword.

*Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens ;
Let thy glory be above all the earth.*

They have prepared a net for my steps ;
My soul is bowed down :

They have digged a pit before me ;
THEY ARE FALLEN INTO THE MIDST THEREOF THEM-
SELVES.

My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed :
I will sing, yea, I will sing praises.
Awake up, my glory ; awake, psaltery and harp :
I myself will awake right early.

I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord, among the peoples :
I will sing praises unto thee among the nations.
For thy mercy is great unto the heavens,
And thy truth unto the skies.

BE THOU EXALTED, O GOD, ABOVE THE HEAVENS ;
LET THY GLORY BE ABOVE ALL THE EARTH.

lviii

There is a God that judgeth

Is the righteousness ye should speak dumb ?
Do ye judge uprightly the sons of men ?
Yea, in heart ye work wickedness ;
Ye weigh out the violence of your hands in the earth.
The wicked are estranged from the womb :
They go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies.

Their poison is like the poison of a serpent :
They are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear ;
Which hearkeneth not to the voice of charmers,
charming never so wisely.

Break their teeth, O God, in their mouth :
Break out the great teeth of the young lions, O LORD.
Let them melt away as water that runneth apace :
When he aimeth his arrows, let them be as though
they were cut off.
Let them be as a snail which melteth and passeth
away :
Like the untimely birth of a woman, that hath not
seen the sun.
Before your pots can feel the thorns,
He shall take them away with a whirlwind,
The green and the burning alike.

The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance :
He shall wash his feet in the blood of the wicked.
So that men shall say, Verily there is a reward for the
righteous :
Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth.

lix

The Terror by Night

A War Ballad

Deliver me from mine enemies, O my God :
Set me on high from them that rise up against me.
Deliver me from the workers of iniquity,
And save me from the bloodthirsty men.

For, lo, they lie in wait for my soul ;
The mighty gather themselves together against me :
Not for my transgression, nor for my sin, O LORD.
They run and prepare themselves without my fault.

Awake thou to help me, and behold ;
Even thou, O LORD God of hosts, the God of Israel,
Arise to visit all the heathen :
Be not merciful to any wicked transgressors.

They return at evening,
They make a noise like a dog,
And go round about the city.

Behold, they belch out with their mouth ;
Swords are in their lips —
'For who doth hear' ?

But thou, O LORD, shalt laugh at them :
Thou shalt have all the heathen in derision.
O my Strength, I will wait upon thee.

For God is my high tower :
The God of my mercy shall prevent me,
God shall let me see my desire upon mine enemies.

Slay them NOT,
Lest my people forget :
Make them wander to and fro by thy power,
And bring them down, O Lord our shield.

For the sin of their mouth,
And the words of their lips,
Let them even be taken in their pride,
And for cursing and lying which they speak.

Consume them in wrath,
Consume them that they be no more :
And let them know that God ruleth in Jacob,
Unto the ends of the earth.

And at evening let them return,
Let them make a noise like a dog,
And go round about the city : —

They shall wander up and down for meat,
And tarry all night if they be not satisfied :
But I will sing of thy strength.

Yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy in the morning,
For thou hast been my high tower,
And a refuge in the day of my distress.

Unto thee, O my Strength, will I sing praises,
For God is my high tower,
The God of my mercy.

lx

War Anthems: A Hymn of Defeat

Companion Hymn to Psalm cviii

THE PEOPLE

O God, thou hast cast us off, thou hast broken us down;
Thou hast been angry: O restore us again.
Thou hast made the land to tremble; thou hast rent it:
Heal the breaches thereof; for it shaketh.

Thou hast shewed thy people hard things:
Thou hast made us to drink the wine of staggering.
Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee,
That they may flee from before the bow.

THE KING

That thy beloved may be delivered,
Save with thy right hand, and answer us.

God hath spoken in his holiness: "I will exult:
"I will divide Shechem, and mete out the valley
of Succoth.
"Gilead is mine, and Manasseh is mine;
"Ephraim also is the defence of mine head;
Judah is my sceptre.

“Moab is my washpot; upon Edom will I cast my shoe:

“Philistia, shout thou because of me.”

Who will bring me into the strong city?

Who hath led me unto Edom?

Hast not thou, O God, cast us off?

And thou goest not forth, O God, with our hosts.

Give us help against the adversary:

For vain is the help of man.

THE PEOPLE

Through God we shall do valiantly:

For he it is that shall tread down our adversaries.

lxi

A Royal Prayer

Hear my cry, O God ;
Attend unto my prayer.
From the end of the earth will I call unto thee, when my
heart is overwhelmed :
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

For thou hast been a refuge for me,
A strong tower from the enemy.
I will dwell in thy tabernacle for ever :
I will take refuge in the covert of thy wings.

For thou, O God, hast heard my vows :
Thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear thy
name.
Thou wilt prolong the king's life :
His years shall be as many generations.

He shall abide before God for ever :
O prepare lovingkindness and truth, that they may preserve
him.
So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever,
That I may daily perform my vows.

lxii

A Song of Trust

My soul waiteth only upon God :

From him cometh my salvation.

He only is my rock and my salvation :

He is my high tower ; I shall not be greatly moved.

How long will ye set upon a man

That ye may slay him, all of you,

Like a bowing wall,

Like a tottering fence?

They only consult to thrust him down from his excellency ;

They delight in lies :

They bless with their mouth,

But they curse inwardly.

My soul, wait thou only upon God ;

For my expectation is from him.

He only is my rock and my salvation :

He is my high tower ; I shall not be moved.

With God is my salvation and my glory :

The rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.

Trust in him at all times, ye people ;

Pour out your heart before him : God is a refuge for
us.

Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie :

In the balances they will go up ; they are together lighter than vanity.

Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in robbery :

If riches increase, set not your heart thereon.

God hath spoken once, twice have I heard this ;

That power belongeth unto God :

Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy :

For thou renderest to every man according to his work

lxiii

God of my Life

O God, thou art my God ; early will I seek thee :

My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee,

In a dry and weary land, where no water is.

So have I looked upon thee in the sanctuary,

To see thy power and thy glory.

For thy lovingkindness is better than life ;

My lips shall praise thee.

So will I bless thee while I live :

I will lift up my hands in thy name.

My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness ;
 And my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips ;
 When I remember thee upon my bed,
 And meditate on thee in the night watches.
 For thou hast been my help,
 And in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

My soul followeth hard after thee :
 Thy right hand upholdeth me.
 But those that seek my soul shall be destroyed ;
 They shall go into the lower parts of the earth.
 They shall be given over to the power of the sword :
 They shall be a portion for foxes.

But the king shall rejoice in God :
 Every one that sweareth by him shall glory ;
 For the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

lxiv

The Secret Counsel of the Wicked

Hear my voice, O God, in my complaint :
 Preserve my life from fear of the enemy.
 Hide me from the secret counsel of evil-doers ;
 From the tumult of the workers of iniquity :

Who have whet their tongue like a sword,
And have aimed their arrows, even bitter words :
That they may shoot in secret places at the perfect :
Suddenly do they shoot at him, and fear not.

They encourage themselves in an evil purpose ;
They commune of laying snares privily — ‘ Who shall see
 them ? ’
They search out iniquities — ‘ We have accomplished a
 diligent search ’ :
And the inward thought of every one, and the heart, is
 deep.

But God shall shoot at them ;
With an arrow suddenly shall they be wounded.
So shall they against whom their tongue was make them
 to stumble :
All that see them shall wag the head.

And all men shall fear, and they shall declare the work of
 God ;
And shall wisely consider of his doing.
The righteous shall be glad in the LORD, and shall trust
 in him ;
And all the upright in heart shall glory.

lxv

A Liturgy

Praise

Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion :
And unto thee shall the vow be performed.

Prayer

O thou that hearest prayer,
Unto thee shall all flesh come.

Penitence

Iniquities prevail against me :
As for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

Aspiration

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to
 approach unto thee,
 That he may dwell in thy courts :
‘We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house,
 ‘The holy place of thy temple.’

Confession of Faith

By terrible things thou wilt answer us in righteousness,
O God of our salvation ;
Thou that art the confidence of all the ends of the earth,
And of them that are afar off upon the sea.
Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains ;
Being girded about with might :
Which stilleth the roaring of the seas, the roaring of their
waves,
And the tumult of the peoples.
They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at
thy tokens :
Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening
to rejoice.

Adoration

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it,
Thou greatly enrichest it ; the river of God is full of
water :
Thou providest them corn, when thou hast so prepared
the earth.
Thou waterest her furrows abundantly ; thou settlest the
ridges thereof :
Thou makest it soft with showers ; thou blessest the
springing thereof.
Thou crownest the year with thy goodness ;
And thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness :

And the hills are girded with joy.

The pastures are clothed with flocks ;

The valleys also are covered over with corn ;

They shout for joy, they also sing.

lxvi

A Votive Hymn

Make a joyful noise unto God, all the earth :

Sing forth the glory of his name :

Make his praise glorious.

Say unto God, How terrible are thy works !

Through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies
submit themselves unto thee.

All the earth shall worship thee ;

And shall sing unto thee, they shall sing to thy name.

Come, and see the works of God ;

He is terrible in his doing toward the children of men.

He turned the sea into dry land :

They went through the river on foot :

There did we rejoice in him.

He ruleth by his might for ever ;

His eyes observe the nations :

Let not the rebellious exalt themselves.

O bless our God, ye peoples,

And make the voice of his praise to be heard :

Which holdeth our soul in life,

And suffereth not our feet to be moved.

For thou, O God, hast proved us :

Thou hast tried us, as silver is tried.

Thou broughtest us into the net ;
 Thou layedst a sore burden upon our loins.
Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads ;
We went through fire and through water ;
 But thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.

I will come into thy house with burnt offerings,
 I will pay thee my vows,
Which my lips have uttered,
 And my mouth hath spoken, when I was in distress.
I will offer unto thee burnt offerings of fatlings, with the
 incense of rams,
 I will offer bullocks with goats.
Come, and hear, all ye that fear God,
 And I will declare what he hath done for my soul.
I cried unto him with my mouth,
 And he was extolled with my tongue.
If I regard iniquity in my heart,
 The Lord will not hear :
But verily God hath heard ;
 He hath attended to the voice of my prayer.
Blessed be God,
 Which hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy
 from me.

lxvii

A Festal Response

THE HIGH PRIEST

*The LORD bless thee,
And keep thee;
The LORD make his face to shine upon thee,
And be gracious unto thee;
The LORD lift up his countenance upon thee,
And give thee peace!*

THE PEOPLE

God be merciful unto us, and bless us,
And cause his face to shine upon us;
That thy way may be known upon earth,
Thy saving health among all nations.
LET THE PEOPLES PRAISE THEE, O GOD,
LET ALL THE PEOPLES PRAISE THEE.

O let the nations be glad,
And sing for joy:
For thou shalt judge the peoples with equity,
And govern the nations upon earth.
LET THE PEOPLES PRAISE THEE, O GOD,
LET ALL THE PEOPLES PRAISE THEE.

The earth hath yielded her increase :

God, even our own God, shall bless us.

God shall bless us ;

And all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

LET THE PEOPLES PRAISE THEE, O GOD,

LET ALL THE PEOPLES PRAISE THEE.

lxviii

A Processional Hymn

Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered ;
Let them also that hate him flee before him.
As smoke is driven away,
So drive them away :
As wax melteth before the fire,
So let the wicked perish at the presence of God.
But let the righteous be glad ; let them exult before God ;
Yea, let them rejoice with gladness.

I

Sing unto God, sing praises to his name :
Cast up a high way for him that rideth through the
deserts ;
His name is JAH ;
And exult ye before him.
A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is
God in his holy habitation.
God setteth the solitary in families :
He bringeth out the prisoners into prosperity :
But the rebellious dwell in a parched land.
O God, when thou wentest forth before thy people,

When thou didst march through the wilderness ;
 The earth trembled, the heavens also dropped at the
 presence of God :
 Yon Sinai at the presence of God, the God of Israel.
 Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain,
 Thou didst confirm thine inheritance, when it was weary.
 Thy congregation dwelt therein :
 Thou, O God, didst prepare of thy goodness for the
 poor.

The Lord giveth the word :
 The women that publish the tidings are a great host.
*'Kings of armies flee, they flee,
 And she that tarrieth at home divideth the spoil' —*
'Will ye lie among the sheepfolds?' —
*'The wings of a dove covered with silver and her pinions
 with yellow gold' —*
*'When the Almighty scattered kings therein
 It was as when it snoweth in Zalmon.' —*
 A mountain of God is the mountain of Bashan ;
 An high mountain is the mountain of Bashan.
 Why look ye askance, ye high mountains. at the
 mountain which God hath desired for his abode ?
 Yea, the LORD will dwell in it for ever.
*'The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands
 upon thousands' —*
 The Lord is among them, Sinai is in the sanctuary.

‘Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led thy captivity captive, thou hast received gifts among men’ —

Yea, among the rebellious also, that the LORD God might dwell with them.

II

Blessed be the Lord, who daily beareth our burden,
Even the God who is our salvation.

God is unto us a God of deliverances ;
And unto JEHOVAH the Lord belong the issues from death.

But God shall smite through the head of his enemies,
The hairy scalp of such an one as goeth on still in his guiltiness.

The Lord said, I will bring again from Bashan,
I will bring them again from the depths of the sea :
That thou mayest dip thy foot in blood,
That the tongue of thy dogs may have its portion from thine enemies.

They have seen thy goings, O God,
Even the goings of my God, my King, into the sanctuary.

The singers went before, the minstrels followed after,
In the midst of the damsels playing with timbrels.
Bless ye God in the congregations,

Even the Lord, ye that are of the fountain of Israel.
There is little Benjamin their ruler,
The princes of Judah and their council,
The princes of Zebulun, the princes of Naphtali.

Thy God hath commanded thy strength :
Strengthen, O God, that which thou hast wrought for
us.
Because of thy temple at Jerusalem kings shall bring
presents unto thee.
Rebuke the wild beast of the reeds,
The multitude of the bulls, with the calves of the
peoples,
Every one submitting himself with pieces of silver ;
Scatter thou the peoples that delight in war.
Princes shall come out of Egypt ;
Ethiopia shall haste to stretch out her hands unto
God.

Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth ;
O sing praises unto the Lord ;
To him that rideth upon the heavens of heavens, which are
of old :
Lo, he uttereth his voice, and that a mighty voice.
Ascribe ye strength unto God :
His excellency is over Israel,

And his strength is in the skies.

O God, thou art terrible out of thy holy places :

The God of Israel, he giveth strength and power unto his
people.

Blessed be God.

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